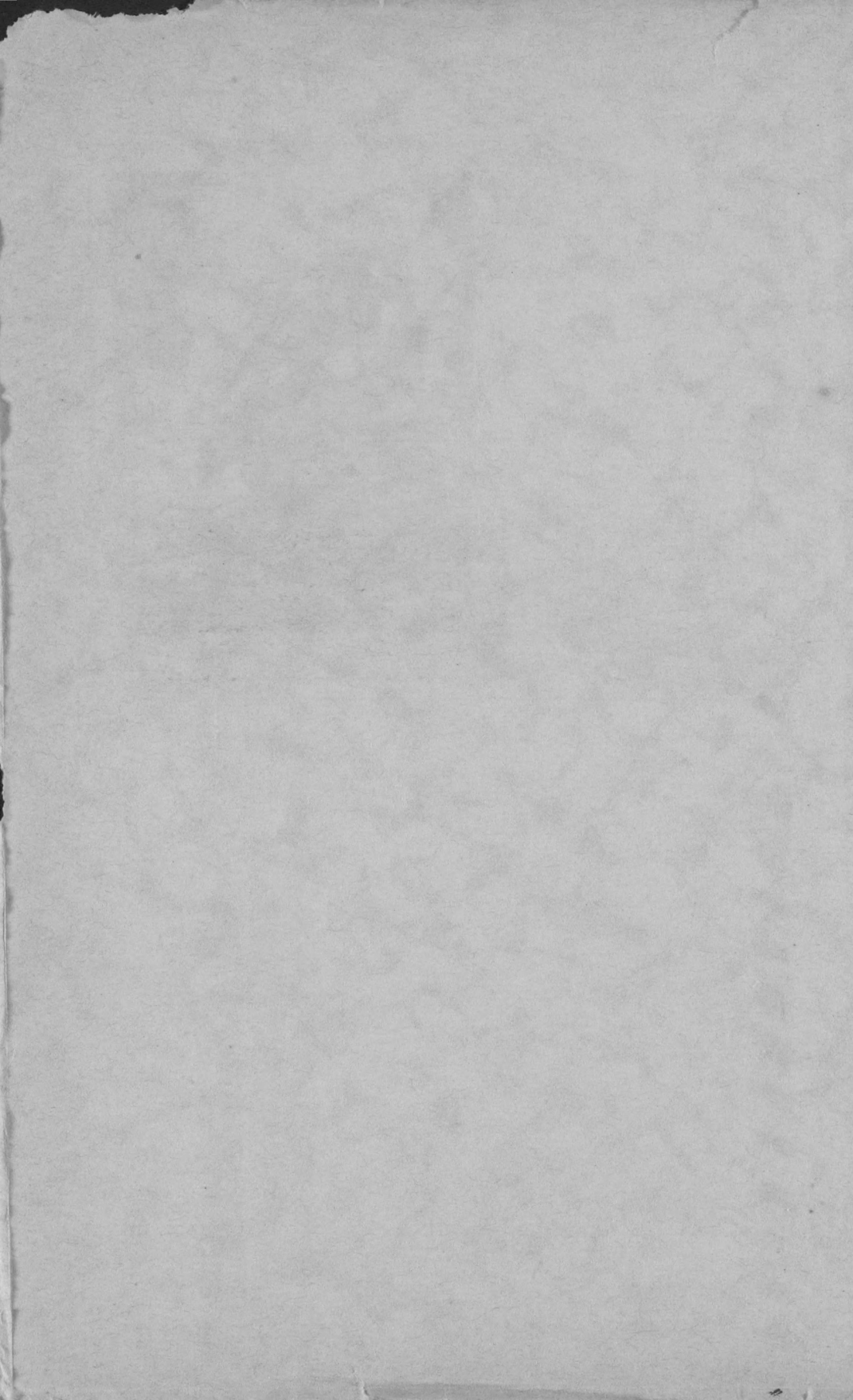




BREEZES

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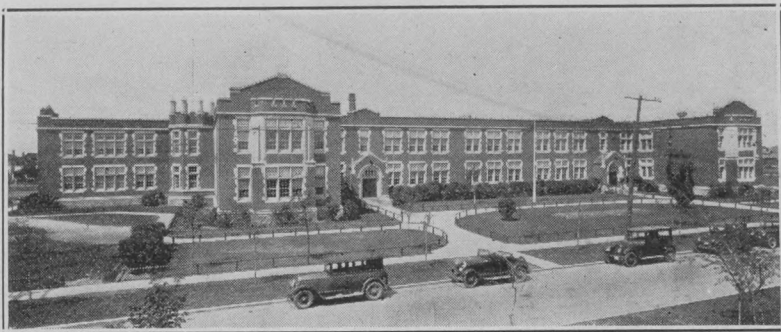


"Breezes"

Published by the Pupils of the
DANIEL MCINTYRE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
WINNIPEG

MAY

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE



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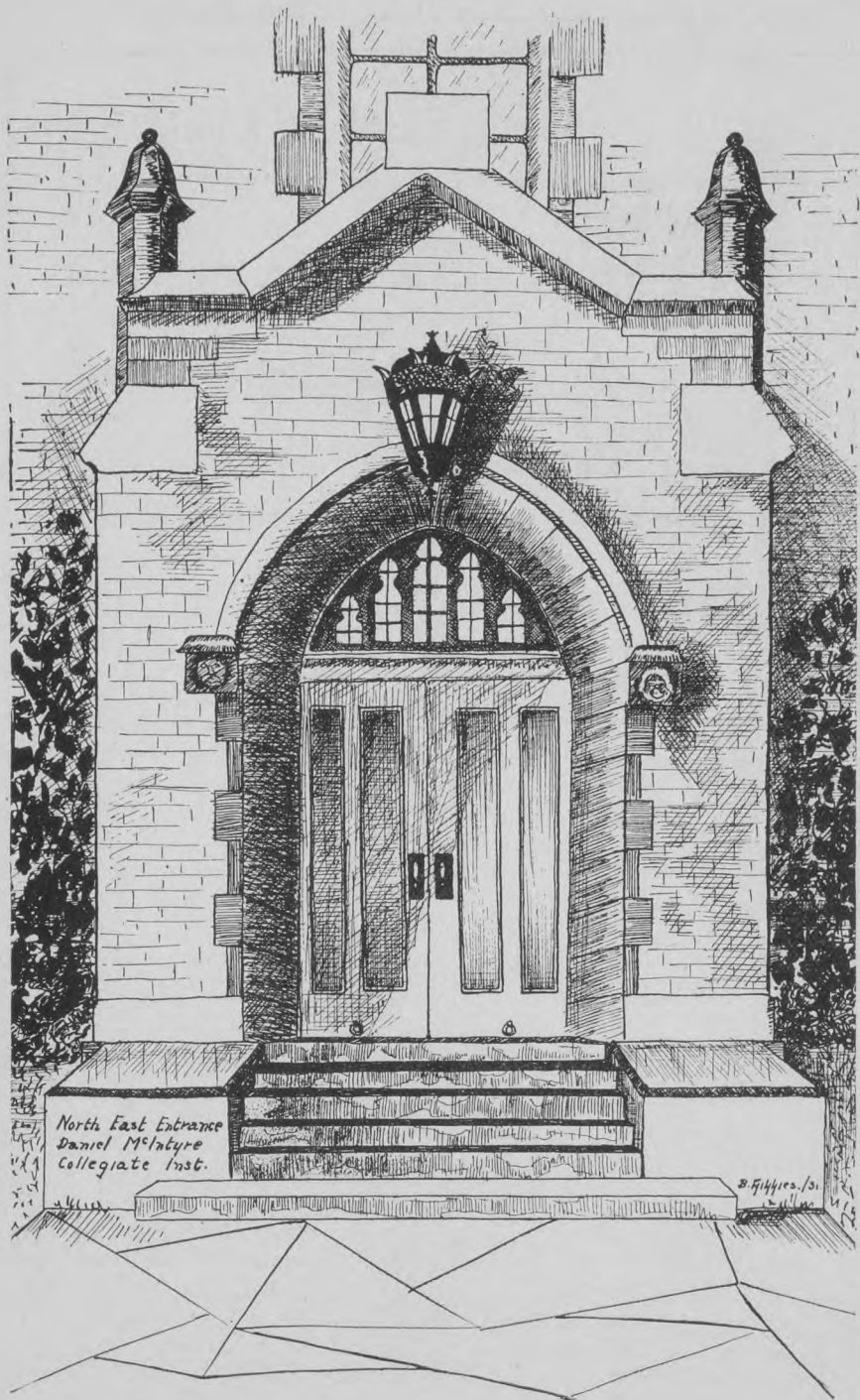
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North East Entrance
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Milestones Along the Path of Progress



WITH much hesitation and misgiving we, the editors, have sent this one and only edition of the "Breezes" for the term 1930-1931 to press. Surely this is a very auspicious occasion, it being the fortieth birthday of the Collegiate magazine. Fortieth? Yes, way back in 1891 "Breezes" was organized. True, it has not been known throughout its entire life by that appellation. During the Great War it was published as "The Optimist" and for several years appeared as the "Mercury." However, in the hopes of further linking up the associations of the first Collegiate with the present one, it reverted to its original name. "Breezes."

On glancing through the annals of the Daniel McIntyre we find that our school, since its organization, has made startling and wonderful progress. In the year 1882 it had its beginning in the upper half of a residence on Louise Street, with Mr. J. B. Fawcett as its principal and seven pupils as its entire enrollment. In the same year it removed to the Carlton School; but soon having an increase of forty-three pupils, larger accommodation was deemed necessary and the Central School was chosen as its new abode. Here, incidentally, the first woman student entered to take a Matriculation course, thus establishing a precedent in favor of the education of the weaker (?) sex.

On the 12th day of February, 1892, the Central Collegiate on Kate Street was formally opened and with an enrollment now of three hundred and ninety-three students, here took up its residence and here it remained until 1917. Then, once again facing the necessity of a larger structure, it removed to the Isaac Brock School. "The Optimist" of 1918 records the following item: "The year 1918 finds the Collegiate established in its new headquarters in the Isaac Brock School, one of the most beautiful buildings in Winnipeg and situated in most picturesque surroundings in the west-end."

Finally, in 1922, the Collegiate found a permanent home, we hope, within the walls of our own Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute, of which we are justly proud, a structure of great beauty, with spacious halls, cheery classrooms, an excellent library, well equipped laboratories, Household Art and Science rooms, and an enrollment of twelve hundred and fourteen students.

Undoubtedly our school magazine has been an indication of this development. Each year its staff, I'm sure, has endeavored to produce "bigger and better 'Breezes.'" Whether or not we have succeeded in doing this, we leave it to you to judge.

It has been our desire to bring to view a record of student achievements, to arouse once again in the hearts of former students sweet memories of past occurrences within these walls, to develop a fine school spirit in every student of the Daniel McIntyre and to encourage in all a steadfast devotion and development of higher things.

If you approve, tell us! If you don't, well—tell us anyway.

AN APPRECIATION

Sincerest thanks must be extended to all connected with the publication of the "Breezes," especially the untiring and cheerful aid given by the faculty advisers.

Much of the credit for the success of our magazine should go to Mr. Forsyth through his excellent work as our business manager and to Mr. Mountford for his energy with regard to picture cuts for our edition.

The staff appreciates Miss Dowler's contributions of art through the medium of her art class. Such illustrations, we are certain, have improved our magazine tremendously and have made it more attractive to its readers.

To Miss Patrick, the editors of the "Breezes" wish to extend their heartiest thanks for her untiring efforts on behalf of the magazine and for the excellent advice and assistance with which she has aided them.

THE JOY OF BEING EDITOR

Getting out this paper is no picnic. If we print jokes people say we are silly:

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we stick close to the job

We ought to be hunting up news.

If we don't print contributions

We don't appreciate genius.

And if we do, the paper is filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up,

We are too critical;

If we don't, we are asleep.

If we clip things from other papers

We are too lazy to write them ourselves;

If we don't, we are too stuck on our own stuff.

Now, like as not someone will say

We swiped this from some magazine.

We did.

—(A.P.)

The students and teachers welcome to their midst the four new members of the staff, Mrs. Hay, Miss Garrow, Miss Smith and Mr. Arnasson.

Honoring the teachers of Winnipeg's first High School and the memory of an institution which passed with the demolition of the Maple Leaf School (the Winnipeg Collegiate), pupils and teachers of that institution at present residing here, held a luncheon in the Eaton Grill Room on April 5th. Recognition was made of the seventy-second birthday of Mr. E. A. Garratt, principal of the Collegiate 1910-1912 and 1914-1922. An album, containing birthday greetings from former pupils, was assembled and forwarded to Mr. Garratt who now lives in Toronto. Replying to this remembrance, Mr. Garratt wrote: "I can think of no event in my life-time which has brought me more intense pleasure than has come to me in connection with this birthday."

The death of F. H. Schofield on December 10th, 1930, and Miss B. F. Stewart on February 13th, at Victoria,

B.C., removed two of the outstanding teachers of the Collegiate in the early nineties. Mr. Schofield was Principal from 1890-1910.

A FLAG FOR CANADA

To the Editor:

During the past few years there has been sweeping over Canada a desire for a national flag, a flag which will be distinctly Canadian and which will show that Canada is no longer a colony but a great nation.

In some respects people may be right in desiring such a change, but let us think for a few minutes of our present flag, the Union Jack and of its meaning to us as Canadians. As all Britishers know, the Union Jack is composed of the flags of three countries, which three, since their union, have held dominion over the world. This flag waves in practically every corner of the earth and whenever we see it we know that there exists a country in which freedom is the password and where we will find a people, happy, prosperous and contented.

Such a country has been Canada during the past two centuries. Then, suddenly, from nowhere, arises a group of men who suggest that we remove this flag and replace it by some other; something new and distinctive as they term it. What would the other nations think of such a change? "Oh!" they would say, "there

is a country, discontented with its lot, unwilling to live under the most renowned flag in the world and anxious to break away from its mother country." Loyal Britishers will immediately protest that this is not their intention in the least, that the ties binding them to their motherland will be just as strong as ever. But do circumstances point that way? Men are apparently beginning to feel ashamed of the red, white and blue. ashamed of the flag under which millions of our men have fought and died, a flag for which men have sacrificed everything they possessed to save it from dishonor!

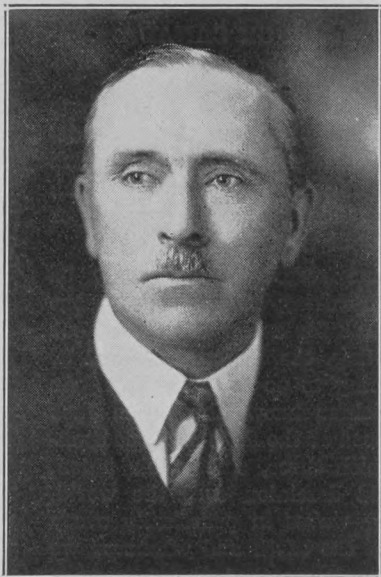
If such a flag was good enough for men to suffer and die under in the filth and mire of Flanders, then it is good enough for any man on earth! These flag-hunters claim they are working under a feeling of patriotism toward their country. What patriotism can equal that of a man willing to lay down his life for his country? Yet this flag was good enough for them!

You, fellow school-mates, are going out from our school to be the citizens of this country. It will be your responsibility as the rising generation, to decide this question once and for all. Thus I leave it to your sense of honor as to whether or not we want to replace the Union Jack, the flag of freedom and of our forefathers.

LLOYD THOMSON, R. 18.

Principal's Message

I VALUE the privilege afforded through the courtesy of the editor-in-chief of the "Breezes" to express my sincere appreciation of the splendid service which has been rendered by the members of the 1931 classes. I need not occupy time or space in giving a detailed account of the noteworthy events of this year, for they are prominently and properly recorded in the succeeding pages. My thanks are tendered to all who have contributed in any degree to the success which has been achieved in the various departments and activities of the school.



An excellent Students' Council has done effective work through its well-organized committees. The debating contests were meritorious; the athletic activities were conducted in an admirable spirit; the social events were of an exceptionally high order; the opera surpassed the fine performances of previous years; in the Musical Festival our two choirs sang as if inspired, drawing the highest commendation of the adjudicators, who also expressed themselves as greatly pleased by the work of our orchestra.

The real aim in all our school work has been to turn out boys and girls, upright in character, sound in judgment, keen to learn and eager to serve. I therefore earnestly hope that each of our graduates may leave our halls with the power to think clearly, with the love of learning for its own sake, with the determination to play fair and demand fair play from others, with an appreciation of beauty in nature, in art, in music, in literature, with a conviction that coarseness and vulgarity in amusement is as undesirable as unclean and tainted food. Above all may each be assured that the solution for all the complex and vexing problems with which the world is confronted is found by applying the simple formula given by the Master-Teacher, "Love one another."

A. C. CAMPBELL.

From "The Historical Diary of Winnipeg"



"COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN"

October 8, 1877.

An extra was issued by the "Manitoba Free Press" on this day consisting of the following interesting notice:

"THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE IN THE NORTHWEST. TO ARRIVE THIS AFTERNOON! CELEBRATION OF EVENT!"

"Intelligence has just been received that the first locomotive and tender, with a caboose and six flat cars, which are being brought down from the Pembina branch by Mr. Joseph Whitehead, will arrive here this afternoon about 4 o'clock by the steamer 'Selkirk'.

"Notwithstanding the short notice, we understand that a fitting reception will be tendered, and the mayor and corporation will, it is understood, take the necessary steps for the proper recognition of this important event in the history of the northwest.

"The same will probably stop at No. 6 warehouse, foot of Post Office Street.

"Let there be a grand rally of citizens on the occasion."

October 9, 1877.

"A series of wild, unearthly shrieks from the river at an early hour announced the approach of the stern-wheeler 'Selkirk,' having barges attached in front and at the sides, on which were mounted the locomotive, six flat cars and a van. The voyage downstream constituted one continuous triumphal progress from the international boundary to Winnipeg, the settlers in the Red River Valley ex-

pressing the greatest excitement and most intense enthusiasm. The engine was kept under steam, so that her whistle might herald the approach of the 'iron horse' to all within hearing. On passing Fort Pembina, the flotilla received a salute from the guns of the U.S. artillery, and upon arrival at the town was met by the commanding captain of the fort, together with his officers and authorities at the customs, not omitting the population 'en masse.'

"About 9 a.m. the next morning the 'Selkirk' with her novel freight, passed the mouth of the Assiniboine and as she swept by the infant city of Winnipeg, mill whistles were furiously blown and bells were rung to welcome the first locomotive, destined to be the means of creating a new era in travel through the great Northwest. The 'Selkirk' displayed handsome decorations in honor of the event, with Union Jacks, Stars and Stripes, and banners; the leading barge was also included in the embellishment of the flotilla, being adorned with flags and evergreen.

"The whistles of the steamer and locomotive continued in full commission, with those of the mills joining in chorus, the bells calling merrily. It formed a remarkable coincidence that Joseph Whitehead, the contractor on the Pacific Railway, who was in charge of the locomotive on this interesting trip, acted as foreman on the engine that drew the first train

over the initial public passenger railway opened in England—the Stockton and Darlington. Probably the event in Manitoba was no less important than that with which Whitehead had been associated in Yorkshire so many years before.

“Shortly after the landing had been reached, three cheers were given for Whitehead, and a few minutes later a crowd swarmed on board, and subjected the locomotive to a most minute examination, the van and flat cars also coming in for a due share of attention. A couple of hours afterwards, when hundreds of visitors had taken advantage of the opportunity to make an inspection, the ‘Selkirk’ steamed to a location below Point Douglas, where a track had been laid to the water’s edge, by means of which the engine was run ashore on the St. Boniface side of the river.”

After being used on construction work by the C.P.R. this locomotive became the property of a lumber company in British Columbia, but finally reverted to the C.P.R., not for active service, but to be presented to the

city of Winnipeg, and she now stands in the little park dedicated to Sir William Whyte, fronting the C.P.R. station. In summer-time the veteran presents a good appearance, decked out with flower boxes, occupying a short length of track laid on the green sward and surrounded by trees and shrubs. A board placed in front of the smoke box exhibits this legend:

“This was the first railway locomotive to appear in Western Canada. Brought to Winnipeg from the United States by barge on the Red River in 1877 and ran between St. Boniface and Emerson.”

C.C.

The students of Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute wish to convey their thanks and hearty congratulations to the Canadian National Railways for the historical plays which they presented over the radio during the past winter. They proved to be not only enjoyable, but most helpful. We are sure these plays were sincerely appreciated, even by those who formerly were not interested in History.

HAZEL SEARLE, R. 25.

GRADUATION DAY

The Valedictory Exercises of the graduating classes of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate were held in Young United Church, Friday, June 5. The gathering was under the chairmanship of our worthy principal, Mr. A. C. Campbell, who does all things well.

Ronald Turner, through his academic, athletic and debating prowess, was a fitting choice for valedictorian. He justified the honor bestowed upon him through his fitting deliverance of the farewell address. Arnold Purdie and Edna Chapman bestowed the emblems from Grade XII to Alice Parr and Vernon Leatherdale representing Grade XI, while Audrey Coleman and William Main, also of Grade XI, passed their symbols to

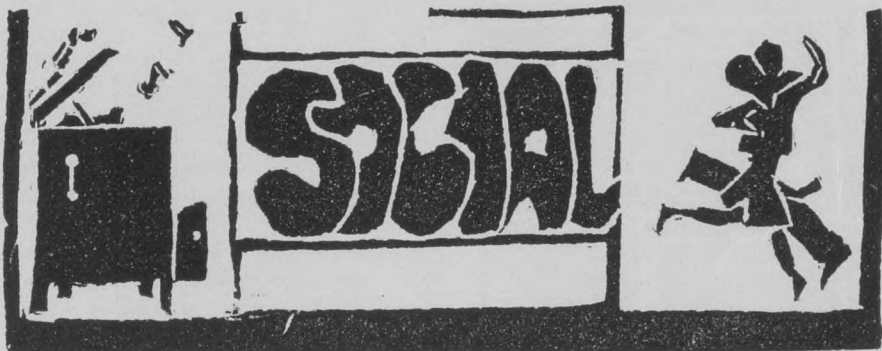
Blanche Kyle and Robert Wybrow of Grade X.

During the afternoon the student body was addressed by the popular clergyman of Grace Church, Rev. J. Richmond Craig. Another feature was the presentation of the athletic awards by Miss E. M. Cussans and Mr. H. Knox.

The musical portion of the program was entrusted to Miss E. Kinley, who chose for the event the mixed choir and a section of the girl’s choir, supplemented by Ross Pratt, pianist and the junior and senior duets and trios. As usual, these items were most enjoyable.

The 1931 graduation will be a pleasant memory to all Collegiate students.

M. M., R. 53.



LISTENING IN ON THE SENIOR DANCE

Good evening, folks; this is station D.M.C.I. broadcasting the Senior Dance from the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute.

There's a large crowd here tonight, over three hundred; some in Masquerade costume, some not. The hall surely looks attractive; the color scheme has the usual hallowe'en effect with dashes of the school colors, maroon and white.

Doc. McDonald and his orchestra are attending, and, boy, what an orchestra he has!

Let's see what's going on in the erection shed. Well, well, a mock trial; sorry, folks, there's so much noise you can't hear yourself think. Here's hoping the best man wins.

Oh! we're just in time for the Grand Parade; talk about a gorgeous affair, here's one.

Here comes a host of oriental queens, passionate gypsies, dashing cavaliers and "blushing maidens." Beverley Dunsmore has succeeded in convincing the judges that her ballet costume, "Moulin Rouge," is the most original on the floor. Joe McCracken, the inimitable female impersonator and première danseuse, is eliciting round after round of applause for his graceful adagio number. He has been awarded first prize for comedy. Walter Williamson, the famous opera

singer, has captured the prize for his original pirate outfit. It looks as though he were just re-living "The Pirate King." And who's that in the vivid Italian garb? Just a moment, please, till he turns this way. It's Dave Yeddeau, and he's getting a prize, too. There's a little girl just passing the "mike" right now. It's Dorothy Jones, and she's a prize winner too, her blonde complexion being enhanced by her pretty Dutch costume. Marion McDonald, Grace Johnston, and Ruth Ellenthorpe have joined forces and as black and white pierrots have drawn second prize for comedy.

Several couples are now having the last dance. Time to go home, folks..

This is station D.M.C.I. now signing off at twelve o'clock. The Senior Dance certainly was a grand affair, but wait till the Juniors have their's. You'll be surprised.

Good night, everybody.

Miss Gayton is pleased to announce that Lyall Holmes was her guest of honor for a few periods this term.

* * *

Gordon Smith, we hear, is "understudying" a minor part of the school program. Here's hoping he makes the grade.

* * *

By the way, Joe B., we thought your sister was brunette. ? ? ?



A JUNIOR'S IDEA OF THE SENIOR HOP

The Senior Hop was a great success,
Due to the Juniors they confess.

The Juniors shouldn't have been there,
But curiosity made them dare.

The Seniors scowled at their faces
And tried to put them in their places.

Of course the Juniors were in the
wrong,
But that didn't bother their conscience
long.

But they're hoping the Seniors didn't
mind
'Cause they were having such a mar-
velous time.

They laughed and joked to such an
excess
That the Senior Hop was a GREAT
SUCCESS. NAN HUTTON.

JUNIOR HOP

The annual Junior Hop, in the form of a Valentine Dance, took place on February 12th. The members of the Junior Council are to be congratulated on the success of the event and for the artistic decorations and program cards.

The lower hall was decorated for the festive occasion with the colors of St. Valentine, that player of heart strings. Red and white streamers and festoons tumbled merrily down from the ceiling, catching the locks of those possessing some degree of loftiness.

The musicians in attendance were those wizards of rhythm, "The High-Hatters," whose natty black and white blazers added a dash of color to the surroundings. Popular dance numbers, including old favorites and ones so new that the ink on the music sheet was scarcely dry, followed one another in quick succession.

Everyone present entered into the spirit of fun. From fox-trot to waltz the sea of moving feet waved back and forth. For the non-dancers, games were provided in the "gym." Pee-wee golf and table tennis proved very popular.

During the supper waltz refreshments were served in buffet style in the library. With energy fully restored the ladies became bolder, and, returning to the dance floor, took full advantage of the "Ladies' choice."

The orchestra was forced to play many encores but finally at twelve o'clock the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," brought the merriment to a close. The big clock in the hall ticked sleepily on as the last happy echoes faded away.

The thanks of all are extended to Mr. Campbell and the teachers for their hearty co-operation.

A.L.—M. de W.

Music Department



"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

It has become customary for the Daniel McIntyre to produce a Gilbert and Sullivan opera each winter, under the direction of Miss Ethel Kinley. This year the fifth annual opera was produced, "H.M.S. Pinafore" being the chosen opera. The following criticism by Miss Lillian Scarthe, of the "Free Press" staff, will serve to show the high standard reached by the cast this year.

"The Isaac Brock School auditorium was crowded to the doors last night (February 4) for the presentation of 'H.M.S. Pinafore' by the Senior Choral Society of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate. The audience followed the performance with who'e-hearted enjoyment because there was not really one dull moment, and because this work, which definitely established for Gilbert and Sullivan the success of their operas, is full of catchy tunes.

"The stage scenery offered a very good representation of a battleship afloat on a very blue English Channel. The girls' chorus, which made a lengthy list on the programme, contained enough members for three choruses. They could not all appear on the stage at the same time, which indicates the enthusiasm behind the production.

"Both choruses, girls and boys—separately and combined—were a credit to their conductor and trainer, Miss Ethel Kinley. They gave proof of individual responsibility, of looking and moving naturally and forwarding the action when they were not singing. They sang out better and kept improving as they went on, except in one place at the end when a tired principal put them off for a moment. The chorus with the solo by Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.—who, by sticking to his desk and never going to sea, rose to be the ruler of the queen's navee—met with particular favor, as did the lusty 'For He Is An Englishman.'

"The principals were nearly all doubled or trebled. Dave Yeddeau filled his role like a veteran, though his experience, it seems, belongs solely to the Daniel McIntyre School operatic work of the last two years. He displayed a born aptitude as an actor, and he was excellent in his speaking and singing. In the matter of words, the whole company was splendid. Everything could be heard without effort. As a rule the girl principals showed less amateurishness in their speaking parts than the boys, who, with the exception of the first lord of the Admiralty, were in-



Cast of "H.M.S. Pinafore," the Gilbert and Sullivan Light Opera, produced by the Senior Choral Society of the D.M.C.I. at the Isaac Brock School, February 4, 5 and 6, 1931

clined to take all the corners. Once or twice when the chorus shouted 'Aye, Aye' or 'Horrible, Horrible,' the effect made one think of little girls and boys who say their piece at the Christmas treat. The role of Buttercup, "who mixed the infants on her baby farm," was filled by a very talented young person with a voice well suited to it. Josephine, the Captain's daughter, did some sweet singing. The parts of Captain Corcoran, Ralph Rackstraw, Dick Deadeye, the boatswain, mate, midshipman, and Cousin Hebe were carried out with an amount of capability and resourcefulness that gave great pleasure and was full of promise for the future. The accompaniment was given on the piano throughout, but a splendid orchestra played the overture. The dances between the acts were very much applauded.

"Miss M. Cussans is the dancing director, Miss M. Anderson and Mr. Martin Murphy, the dramatic directors. Mr. A. Beech and Mr. W. Mountford had charge of the scenery. The list of principals includes: Dave Yeddeau, George Murray, Sydney Cohen, Norman Blackie, Frank Thorofson, Vernon Leatherdale, Joe McCracken, Gilbert Johnson, Kenneth Hayes, Robert Kibblewhite, Edna Chapman, Nora Edwards, Ethyl Doig, Janet Kenner, Grace Smith, Evelyn Bywater and Hazel Searle.—L.S."

The cast chosen for the Friday evening performance proved to be identical with that of Wednesday evening. This was purely coincidental, however, for the characters were all judged separately.

ROY HEIDE, 25.

"FACING THE FOOTLIGHTS"

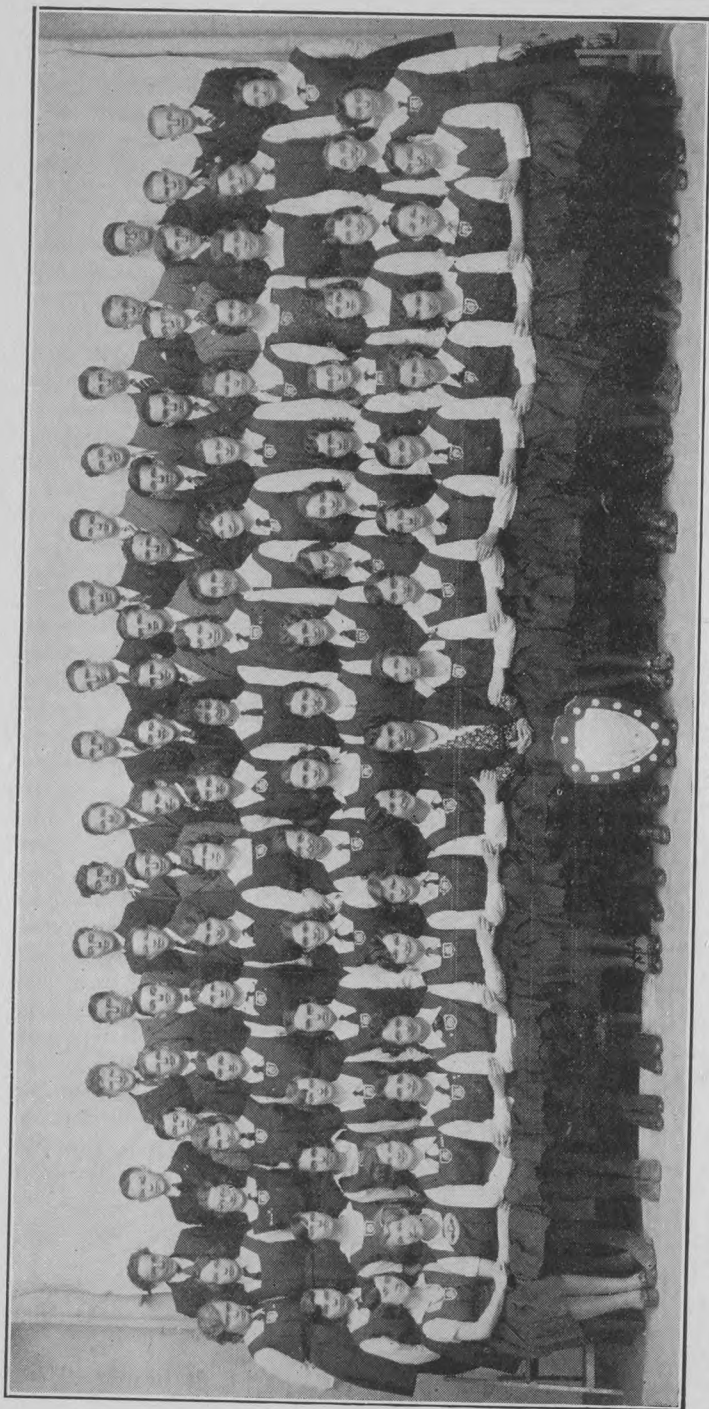
Gilbert's wit, Sullivan's catchy tunes—gorgeous costumes on beautiful "blushing" maidens, delightful scenery, bronzed heroes of the sea (to

make young ladies' hearts palpitate more rapidly), a rhythmical overture, fragrant flowers, the dazzle of footlights—all play their part in the production of a successful light opera, and are all necessary for the enjoyment of an audience which applauds most worthily.

But did you ever stop to consider the anxiety and nervous tension back of that beautiful, calm sea? The blissful dread of making a triumphant entry, the constant fear that the pins won't hold, the wonder (perhaps doubtful) whether you know and remember the action, a hasty last look at the libretto or vocal score, a final glance to see if you have forgotten any properties, then a fervent prayer—and you're "on"!

I really don't think there is anything that turns your hair white, or brings beads of perspiration to your brow more quickly than not knowing what your "next line" is. The horrible agony of not being able to recall it, starts you off on a "wool gathering" expedition, and you immediately begin to wonder how you forgot to remember it. What will happen, suppose the prompter isn't there! What if you can't hear him when he does give the line! What will so-and-so do if you don't give him the right cue! All these dreadful things are magnified an hundredfold at the time, and you see the abyss of oblivion slowly opening its vast jaws to destroy you for not paying more attention to the directors. Oh well! you'll remember it next time. Wait a minute, though, that music sounds familiar. Mm-Pa! Um-Pa! Of course, stupid, you don't say anything this time. This is where you burst into song, and "Boy, what joyous song it is!"

O course there must be a remedy for stage fright. "The three long breaths" idea is a good one, but it doesn't completely satisfy. Some pre-



MIXED CHOIR

Back Row (Left to Right)—H. Easton, J. Sunley, C. Suzeland, H. Ludman, I. Brandon, E. Bowser, G. Urkuhart, F. Thorlafson, E. McGuire, N. Blackie, G. Smith, R. Turner, N. Belton.
 Fourth Row—J. McCracken, K. Muir, W. Smith, J. Copeland, S. Buckler, B. Brown, F. Renouf, V. Leatherdale, E. Levielle, R. Heide, J. Duncan, B. Gallop, I. Cottier, S. Cohen, I. Morrison, S. Anderson, G. McLean, G. Johnson.
 Third Row—M. Bjarnson, J. Hooper, I. Swinford, V. Relley, B. Hoit, G. Carroll, B. Kerr, H. Johnson, G. Taylor, I. Ross, H. oung, L. Richardson, E. Bywater, M. Mitchell, M. Marr, B. Douglas, G. Bergman, N. Moody, D. Searle.
 Second Row—P. Fraser, R. Raven, M. Moyses, R. Kenner, M. Pincock, R. Barker, H. Mitchell, J. Scott, J. Kenner, N. Edwards, J. Smith, N. Young, G. Marks, C. McLellan, V. Bradley, E. Teskey, B. Wilson, I. Pierce.
 Front Row—E. Montieith, J. Ross, E. Rutherford, A. Parr, L. Dicks, E. Chapman, E. Doig, A. White, Miss E. Kinley, R. Noble, M. Morden, W. Simm, H. Searie, M. Russell, B. Dunsmore, G. Smith, A. Harwood.

fer to pace up and down backstage. They claim this tends to calm jarred nerves and stimulate confidence. Space, unfortunately, is rather at a premium on the Isaac Brock stage, and thus these ambitious Thespians have to grin and say nothing. Method number three is a sure bet, "Be Nonchalant." The only drawback to this method is that it is rather difficult to be nonchalant when you are striving to remember your words, your music, your cues, your dances, your exits, your entrances, and incidentally, your acting. Not only this, alas, but to maintain a dignity and sparkle with scintillating personality!

"Wool-gathering" (apologies to Edw. Thomas' "Aunt Ann's Cottage") is a dangerous practice for an opera singer, and should at all times be avoided. This is extremely bad for amateur theatricals, as it inevitably leads to the "I wonder where the family is sitting" plot. Here the mind may wander into several fields (or shall we call them sub-plots?) The most frequented field of thought-rambling is number one, which results in a scanning of brown hats, red hats, green hats—and before the actor can determine the color of the hat behind the third post to his right, he has missed his cue and left his confrère stranded appallingly midstage.

Of course, "wool-gathering" offers a splendid means of revenge, but in "respectable" theatrical circles it isn't considered "sporting." Co-operation is as necessary in musical and dramatic production as it is in any other field of endeavor, and it is with great satisfaction that we report the splendid feeling and co-operation that prevailed among the members of the "Pinafore" cast.

Now I hope next year when you go to see the opera, you will just keep in mind this little "revelation," and don't forget "The actor lives on his

applause."—No! I didn't say "apple-sauce"—I said "applause."

DAVE YEDDEAU, 25.

CONGRATULATIONS!

To Miss Kinley and the Girls' Glee Club, on having successfully defended the Hon. James Cox Aikens shield in the competition for Senior High School choruses.

Also, on again winning the Earl Grey trophy, which is awarded to the winner in the competition, open to the winners in all classes of public school choruses. This is the fifth time this honor has come to Miss Kinley and the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate.

To the Mixed Choir, on winning the Success Business College shield. This, as a new class in the Festival, was looked on as an experiment by the adjudicators. However, Sir Hugh Robertson pronounced it a triumph, and we may be justly proud of our Mixed Choir.

To the Orchestra, which, under Miss Kinley's capable conducting, gave such fine performances and obtained such great praise from Mr. Jacobson.

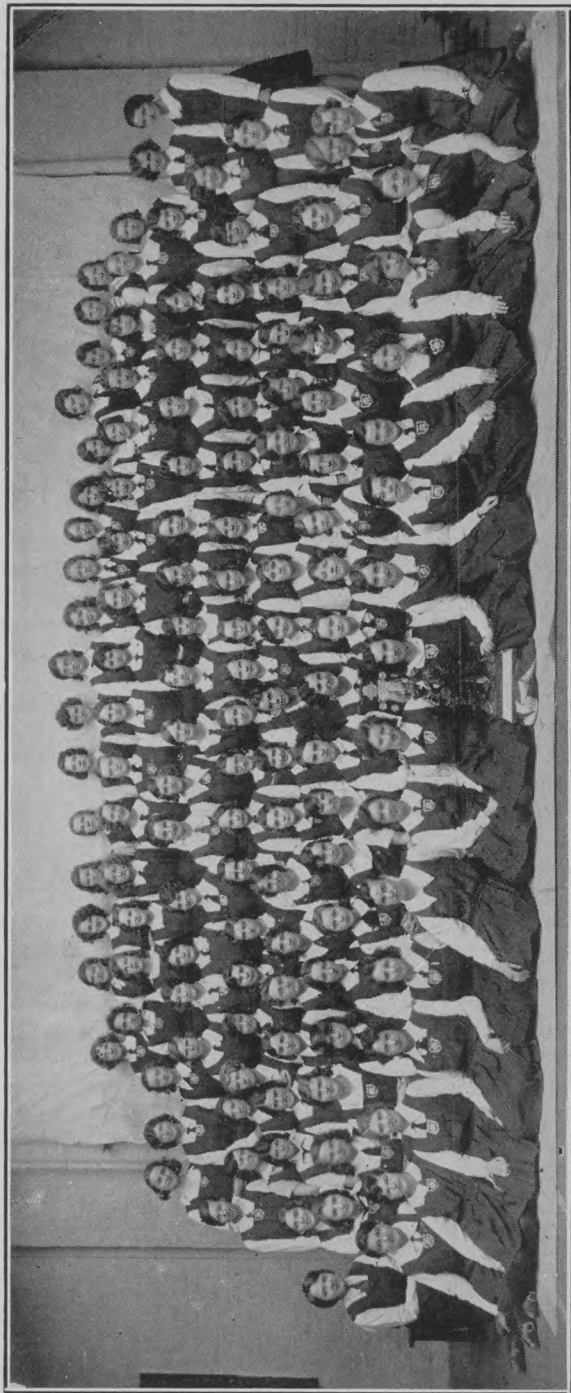
To Ross Pratt, on winning the Aikens Memorial trophy, the J. S. Bach composition, and the Concerto for piano and orchestra.

To Robert Brown, pianist in the winning trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello.

To Margaret Pincock, on winning second place in the Intermediate pianoforte duet.

To Agnes White, on winning second place in the duet for two pianos, and on receiving special praise from Sir Hugh Robertson for her splendid accompaniment of the Girls' Glee Club.

To Jessie Scott, Agnes White, and Grace Smith, on winning the Junior Girls' trio. Also to Edna Chapman and Evelyn Monteith who, with Grace Smith, substituting for Winnie Inskip, won the highest marks in the prelim-



GLEE CLUB

Back Row—E. Wright, J. Allan, E. Boyd, P. Simpson, M. Lemon, M. Paterson, N. Hutton, M. Crawford, M. Davis, H. Rigg, J. Fawdon, M. Davie,
D. Noble, M. Connor, D. Boyd, C. Doyle, H. Young.
Sixth Row—M. Moyses, Elsie Frye, A. McNeill, A. Newfield, V. Grimsey, E. Glover, G. Carroll, K. Scott, J. Murray, G. Johns, M. Scott, D. Scott,
J. Hooley, E. Massey, B. Wilson, M. Marr.
Fifth Row—J. Scott, E. Bywater, M. Mitchell, C. Myrold, E. Hodgson, M. Nicolson, E. Bremner, L. Richardson, G. Taylor, M. Laing, V. Packman,
B. Laurie, J. Smith, N. Young, G. Mark, M. Thompson, I. Nicholson, L. Moody, M. Kelly, N. Edwards, J. Kenner.
Fourth Row—H. Mitchell, E. Monteith, R. Noble, J. Ross, V. Robertson, P. Frazer, E. Gibbs, I. Morrison, J. Hooper, F. Swinford, I. Sinclair, J.
McFadzean, G. McClelland, M. Wilson, I. Sudds, G. Phillips, A. Nix, M. McGifford, M. MacRae.
Third Row—R. Barker, S. Braid, K. Newhouse, B. Hoit, M. Hubert, L. Cook, B. Kennedy, M. Marshall, B. Henry, Miss Kinley, E. Chapman, V.
Bradley, B. Douglas, G. Bergman, E. Oliphant, P. Strain, L. Dick, S. Saunders, E. Rutherford, B. Teskey.
Second Row—F. Queen, M. Middleton, R. Partridge, H. Johnston, D. Taylor, B. Kyle, G. Handford, A. Lewis, R. Raven, M. Pincock, A. White, P.
Palmason, M. MacGregor, B. Williams, W. Simm, D. Searle, B. Kerr, V. Kelly, M. Vollrath, M. Bjornson, R. Kenner.
Front Row—G. Neal, B. Smith, N. Millar, L. Dicks, A. Parr, A. Harwood, I. Pierce, M. Russell, B. Dunsmore, M. Morden, M. Edelstien, H. Searle,
E. Fowler, E. Doir, G. Smith.

inary test, but were unable to enter the finals because of the substitution.

To Mina Middleton and Edith Fowler, on winning second place in the Junior Girls' duet.

JUNIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The officers elected by the club are:

PresidentBetty Henry
Vice-PresidentMargaret Davis
SecretaryEdith Fowler
TreasurerAgnes Hutton
E.F., 21.

SENIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

At our first meeting in the fall, the following officers were elected:

PresidentEdna Chapman
Vice-President.....Nora Edwards
SecretaryJanet Kenner
TreasurerTheodore Brandon
J.K., 25.

SENIOR BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Early in the fall, the following officers were elected:

PresidentDave Yeddeau
Vice-PresidentVernon Leatherdale
SecretaryRoy Heide
TreasurerJoe McCracken
D.Y., 25.

On behalf of the Glee Clubs I wish to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Kinley for her kindness and patience with us during the year. It is owing to her efforts that the opera was such a success musically, and the splendid results obtained in the Festival are entirely due to her careful training.

EDNA CHAPMAN, 58.

THE VALUE OF MUSIC

Since the beginning of time, man has had the desire to make musical sounds of some sort or description. Primeval man often could make musical sounds upon a hollow log, or sometimes, a reed, when he was not suffi-

ciently civilized to transmit his thoughts by means of speech. Thus we see that there must be some reasons for man's desire to enjoy music.

Music is the highest of all the Arts, inasmuch as it is an Art, to which man may not only listen, but in which man may also participate, either by singing or by performing upon some instrument. In most of the other Arts a person must have some God-given talent, to be able, for instance, to paint a beautiful picture. In music, however, while it is true that the finest musicians possess a natural talent or gift for music, practically every person has some musical instinct; if not, what moves a boy to whistle or hum, as he walks or runs down the street?

Another reason is, that the finest music expresses what words, or paintings, could not satisfactorily convey to an individual. Thus, music is used by Man as an expression of his thoughts, when other means would be inadequate.

Let us examine the effect music produces upon different phases of life. First, let us take home life. In the home, music tends to make life more cheerful and happy; it serves to deepen and strengthen the bonds and ties of the home. Then, in church life, music plays an important part. It is well nigh impossible to imagine a religious service without music. In church life, music places one in a reverent frame of mind, and raises one's thoughts to a higher level. In military life, overseas, for instance, the "rat-a-tat-tat" of the drum, and the distinct, rhythmic music of a band, cheers the soldier, and makes it possible for him to march a much longer distance than if he were marching without music. It may be said, then, that music serves as a stimulus to the soldier.

Thus, it is seen that life, to hu-

manity, without music, would be a drab and dull existence. Music, because it exalts one's feelings and thoughts, is indispensable to every individual, no matter to what class or race that individual belongs. Music is a "universal language."

ROSS PRATT.

THE WINNIPEG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

No doubt many of us have heard of the famous Minneapolis and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestras, and now we can proudly state that Winnipeg, too, has such an orchestra.

The Winnipeg Symphony was originally organized a number of years ago, and was conducted by Hugh Ross. He, however, a few years later left Winnipeg and the orchestra disbanded. A little more than a year ago, a young Englishman, Peter Temple, came to this city to conduct the male voice choir. Soon after his arrival he was requested to conduct the recently reorganized Winnipeg Symphony. This he did, and since then has added greatly to its success.

Although the orchestra is said to lack some instruments required in certain types of musical compositions, it, at present consists of approximately fifty members. Among the violinists is John Kuchmy who won great honors in the 1930 Musical Festival.

The first series of concerts since the orchestra's reorganization commenced last fall. In the opening performance the orchestra's strongest points were emphasized. The soft, mellow tones of its string section, and the clear tones of the wind instruments were distinctly in evidence in their presentation of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony." Each section of the orchestra, however, was given ample opportunity to display

its merits. The concert was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended it.

It is sincerely hoped that the Winnipeg citizens will appreciate having a Symphony Orchestra in their midst and will do their best to support its performances.

R.S.

THE ORCHESTRA

President Pearl Palmason
Vice-president Tom Cottier
Secretary Gordon Urquhart

Our school orchestra is comprised of the following instruments: eighteen violins, one violoncello, three cornets, one saxophone, one horn, and a piano. It is far from being a full orchestra as it lacks the viola, flute, oboe, trombone, clarinet, double-bass, and a pair of kettle-drums. The various instruments of the orchestra produce a variety of tone-color and, thus variety in expression. If many of the instruments are missing it is very difficult for the conductor to obtain all the effects necessary for the interpretation of some pieces.

Our orchestra compensated for the lack of instruments by its enthusiasm. It has been doing very creditable work since its first rehearsal on October the tenth. Practices have been held usually twice a week at noon hour.

During the presentation of the opera, the orchestra gave a very satisfactory performance of the overture and also of Schubert's "March Heroique." At the musical festival, the adjudicator, Mr. Jacobson, commented favorably on its work.

The conductor of an orchestra may be compared to a painter, and the orchestra to the painter's palette, or the materials with which he has to work. If the artist's palette contains a limited number of colors, he has to

rely very much on his own skill and artistry to produce a good painting on the canvas. In interpreting a piece of music, the conductor has to do the same, if the orchestra is lacking in

instruments. Miss Kinley, through her excellent musicianship and ability as a leader, has been very successful with our orchestra.

P.P.



MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRA

Back Row—Sydney Cohen, Robert Brown, Vic Taylor, E. Dettman, H. Ludman, G. McLean, G. Johnson, William Smith.

Second Row—Ed. Kerr, S. Costantino, L. Cassey, Eileen Sinclair, Betty Rollins, Alma Feaveryear, K. Ross, M. Loutit, Ken. Martin, Don Brereton, Ken. Pidgeon.

First Row—M. McPhail, Doris Stokes, Gordon Urguhart (Sec.), Miss Kinley, Pearl Palmason (Pres.), Tom Cottier (Vice-Pres.), Gladys Smith, Marjorie Moyse.

ADVERTISING SALES COMPETITION

Without the unstinted efforts of our advertising sales teams this biggest and best "Breezes" would not have been possible. We have pleasure in announcing that the Advertising Sales Competition was won by a girls' team, Myrtle Campbell and Norah Bennett of Room 58, whose fine co-operation and persistence gave zest to the contest. Sid Buckler, 18, and Clair Hammill, 58, were spirited competitors all the way, and won a very close second place. Alice Parr of 51 made a score that merits honorable mention. Oth-

ers who assisted materially in the campaign are Grace Smith, 53, and Ron. Turner, 19.

The individual championship is awarded to Myrtle Campbell for her initiative in getting new business, number of calls made, and for her prompt, cheerful and tactful persistence and general business efficiency.

In many respects selling advertising is the most difficult and valuable work entering into the production of a year book, and we all feel indebted to these students who have energetically and skilfully won the much appreciated support of so many advertisers.

Literary Department



THE MAUSOLEUM OF MARUSJA BOGUSLAVA

Editor's Note—It may be of interest to the reader to know that the writer of the following began her study of English only four years ago when she came to Canada from Russia.

Among the impressive sights of the Crimea is the mausoleum of Marusja Boguslava.

Marusja Boguslava was a Russian peasant girl, who, against her will, became the wife of the khan of the Tartars. A few years after their marriage Marusja committed suicide by throwing herself down from a steep mountain. The top of this mountain was then crowned with a beautiful mausoleum in which Marusja's body is buried.

The mausoleum much resembles a Russian church, only it is much smaller, and perhaps still more elaborately decorated. The outer walls are grey and weather-beaten, for they have faced many a storm during their long years of existence. The windows, however, are just as colorful as they probably ever were, the designs in beautiful colored glass have not changed. The steps that lead to the large and heavy door, are worn hollow. The door, or rather the gate, is of strong metal and is so heavy that

it takes considerable strength to open it.

The inside of the mausoleum is flooded with a peculiar, dim light which comes from the sun's rays through the colored windows. At first one cannot recognize the articles in the mausoleum, but when the eye becomes used to the light, the first thing it will discern is a beautiful monument which heads the grave of Marusja Boguslava. This is the only object in the airy room. The walls, however, are decorated with Tartar writing. This writing is supposed to be the story of Marusja's tragic life.

Before Marusja was captured by the khan, she had been betrothed to one of the Cossack leaders, who did not fail to undertake many desperate attempts to rescue her, but was powerless against the mighty khan. However, he was not discouraged and was determined not to rest until he had freed her from the harem.

Years passed by and at last the faithful Cossack's efforts were crowned with success. The khan was conquered: his castle stormed; and Marusja was free to go with her former lover. But time had changed her. She was the khan's favorite and beloved wife and had learned to return his love. She was also the mother of two children, and going with the Cossack meant parting with the khan and her

children, probably for ever. She had no choice: the Cossack had fought for her freedom and she must follow her former lover; but rather than leave those she now loved most she made the tragic leap.

MARY HUBERT, R. 47.

WOODLAND WINTER

The West's gray light heralds now the night,

Low bow the woods in mantling white,
The leaden skies do darker grow
And from the north the chill winds blow

In wintry flight.

With snow-white shroud are the maples bowed

While fall the flakes in a driving cloud

Dimming the distant mantled hill
On the crest of the winds so shrill
And loud.

The tall pines throw from their boughs the snow,

In eddying gusts to the drifts below,
And lone is the road by the forest's way

Heaped with flakes of the dying day
In continual flow.

Bitter the cold the cruel winds hold
As cracking boughs in the woodland told

The dread frost bites thru the laden air

While beneath the snows is the hidden hare

In slumber rolled.

O'er the frozen stream the alders lean
Divested of the summer's green,
Their slender boughs with leaves no more

Are mantled white in winter hoar
With icy sheen.

To the frosty sky is raised the cry
Of famished wolves in the wood hard-
by,

Fast sweep the snows thru tangled brush

While rage the winds with furious rush

And mournful sigh.

Shrill is the wail of the whistling gale

On its frosty breath the dark clouds sail,

And drives the white snow to the road far below,

And the dim woods pale.

The pines forlorn in the sighing storm

Their hoar arms sway and white their form,

Yet harsher the moan of the winter's blast

Whose vesper shades show day is past,

And night is born.

CLAIRE SKELLY

INSPIRED BY A RECENT VISIT TO A "CLOSE" RELATIVE

O little piggie in thy pen,

I hear thee grunt approval when

Thy snout's immersed in mash.

'Twould be indeed a foolish act,

Thy interest from it to distract,

An act, 'thout doubt, quite rash.

O didst thou think when thou wert born

A dinner plate thou wouldst adorn?

What's that I hear? Thou never?

When thou wert young in piggish health,

Thou thought not of the butcher's stealth,

Which thee from joy didst sever.

Although thou art but dupe to man,
His admiration thou canst fan,

When hunger be his fate.

Cavort and gambol day and night;

Gain weight, grow fat, so that I might

My hunger satiate.

JOE McCracken.

THE APPROACH OF OLD AGE

(A dialogue between Solomon and S. T. Coleridge, based upon the poems "Old Age" and "Youth and Age.")

Solomon—"Sweet is the light and pleasant the sun!"

Coleridge—"Ay, the whole world is spring—like when we are young."

Solomon—"But darkness is coming, old age creeping on."

Coleridge—"It cannot be, cannot be that youth is gone

When with'ring my body, shrinking my size,

And tears taking the sunshine out of my eyes."

Solomon—"Bereft of my teeth, bereft of my sight,

Like to the almond tree, my hair turn-eth white."

Coleridge—"Nay, friend, seest thou not that our Father hath made

These changes in us a mere masquerade?

If we believe it, Youth lieth beneath, Why think we are old, if age bringeth grief?"

Solomon—"Old age bringeth death when the pitcher doth break."

Coleridge—"Think rather of joys that Life's blessings make.

The ag'd are unwelcome like impoverish'd kin,

Then death is desirable, enter joyfully in!"

Solomon—"Spirit to Heaven, dust back to earth,

Man goeth to God who first gave him birth."

M.B., 53.

A GLIMPSE OF GREEN GABLES —P.E.I.

From the days of its discovery by the Cabots to its entry into Confederation, and during the fifty-eight years that have intervened, Prince Edward Island has played its part in Canadian romance and achievement. It has given

great names to Church and State; it has seen its exiles rise to fame in the Republic to the South; it has contributed richly to commerce, to the professions and to the prestige of our legislative halls; and last but not least, it has seen its sons and daughters rise to fame in the realm of literature. Among the most prominent of the latter is Lucy Maud Montgomery, author of the well known "Anne" books.

These books have their setting in this crescent shaped island—the smallest province of Canada—which was described by Jacques Cartier as a country where "all the land is low and the most beautiful it is possible to see, and full of beautiful trees and meadows." Its aboriginal name Abegweit, meaning, "cradled on the waves," most fitly describes it, as it nestles near the south side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in a bay formed by the concave coastline of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Perhaps it will be interesting to journey along with one who has visited the Anne country. Leaving Winnipeg we travel eastward through Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick until we reach Cape Tormentine, situated on a picturesque point jutting into the Straits of Northumberland. Here our train is drawn slowly on what is known as the Car Ferry, which speedily bears us in a northeasterly direction towards the Island. As we draw near the port of Borden, P.E.I., we are struck by the appearance of the shore which makes an exquisite picture with its high banks of red sandstone standing out in contrast against the deep blue of the water and the verdure of the fields.

As the rails have not, as yet, advanced to Cavendish (the Avonlea of Miss Montgomery's book) we shall continue our journey by automobile.

Leaving Borden for the Northern shore, we traverse some of the most

LITERARY VIGNETTES



"Richard Plantagenet desires no more fame than his good sword and lance may acquire for him."



Front de Bœuf—"Here is a new argument for our swords, sirs."



"Malvolio's coming down this walk."



"Who is it that can tell me who I am?"
Fool—"Lear's shadow."



"Prunella, get your needlework
And bring your little chair:
Assume the task you wish to shirk,
And come and sit down here."



"I'm nothing in the world but a poor
Pierrot."

charming country in the Maritimes, described in verse thus:

Erin ne'er saw greener foliage,
Winding red roads ever lead
O'er the hills and in the valleys,
Through the fragrant clover mead.

After travelling about thirty-five miles, we hear the dull, heavy boom of the breakers rolling in from the Atlantic announcing to us that we have reached Cavendish. Turning off the main road we drive for about half a mile. In an orchard on our right is seen the foundation, which is all that remains, of the home of Miss Montgomery. A little further on is Green Gables, a large, white, gabled house with a verandah across one end with a door on the side of the house. This is the main entrance. Around the house are spacious grounds and many trees. As we walk down from the house we come upon a very shady and quiet trail, the silence only being broken by the gurgling of a little stream. It is a spot where one does not think, but rather dreams. It is, in fact, an ideal spot for love-making, this Lover's Lane of Anne. Following on still further, we arrive at the Lake of Shining Waters—a glimmering green sheet of water on whose banks nymphs might dance blithely.

As we return to Green Gables from here by another route, an historic spot meets our gaze. It is the quiet resting place of scores of unknown seamen whose bodies were washed ashore when one hundred and forty-seven ships were wrecked in one of the most terrific gales which ever swept this shore some sixty years ago. A short distance from the cemetery is a little old white one-roomed schoolhouse, where Anne, in a fit of temper unceremoniously struck Gilbert Blythe (destined to become Anne's future husband) over the head with a slate.

If we enter the woods at the foot of

the hill and search diligently under the dead leaves of the old year, we shall no doubt find clusters of star white and dawn pink flowers that have in them the very soul of all the springs that ever were, reincarnated in something that seems gross to call perfume, so exquisite is it. These are known as Mayflowers.

After having glanced at this somewhat inadequate picture of this paradise, perhaps the reader will be able, in some degree, to visualize for himself the remarkable setting around which Miss Montgomery centres her most interesting books.

ARNOLD PURDIE, R. 58.

"SIGNS OF SUMMER"

I wandered through the woods today,
Along a long, long lane
Of fragrant flowers that softly lay
Like dew-drops ere a rain.

I strolled among the dandelions;
I waded through the blaze
Of yellow heads that nodded signs
Of milder, sweeter days.

Then suddenly upon the air
I heard the song of bird,
And music came from everywhere,
The sweetest ever heard.

I stopped, for there before me gushed
A tinkling, silvery stream
That swirled, and twirled, and hurled
and gushed
Right by with sparkling gleam.

The reeds and shoots with lowered lips
Caressed the babbling brook,
And drank the precious drops, by sips,
From every shaded nook.

The music stayed; the stream ran on,
Ran on to join the river.
The stream ran on, but ne'er was gone;
It haunts my heart forever.

On gauze-like wings of golden hue
 A butterfly flew over,
 It stopped to rest amid the dew,
 Then fluttered o'er the clover.
 I turned and waved fair Spring adieu,
 Although I was encroaching
 On her domain, at heart I knew
 Kind summer was approaching.

J. McCRACKEN.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHINPLASTER

To the forest, one day, a woodcutter came, carrying a huge axe. He marked one tree, destined to be many things, a main-staff on a ship, timber to build homes, paper to be read, and paper to be used for money. Crash! the first blow had fallen, then another and another. In a short time there was a rending split, and amid the sounds of crashing, splitting, tearing, the tree fell. After this tree had lain all winter, and passed through the seething waters on its way to the mills in the spring, it was then in a proper state of seasoning to enable man, the lord of the universe, to extract from its pulp the material necessary to produce the finished article—clean, white paper. A part of this paper is me. So you will readily understand that much material, work, and preparation was expended in bringing me to a state of perfection.

I am a shinplaster, and important; endorsed and vouched for by "The Controller of Currency" and "The Deputy Minister of Finance," bearing on my face an excellent reproduction of Britannia. My valuation is twenty-five cents.

I was created for the great purpose of service to mankind. Man, who had perfected me by many scientific processes, is entitled to my faithful service in improving conditions to the benefit of mankind.

My destiny starts in one of our

country's great banks, passing therefrom to the pocket of an old gentleman who uses me as a gift to gladden the heart of a little lame girl in whose hand I crackle my appreciation of this kind act. The little girl continues the act of mercy by using me to purchase a few lovely blooms to sweeten and brighten the sick-room of her mother.

As the little girl leaves the florist's, a happy smile on her face, I contentedly rest in the till, awaiting a further opportunity of service. In a short time a boy who requires change selects me because I look so much like the bills his mother and dad use.

Up to this time everything has been rosy but just here I experience one of life's gloomy moments. Like a boy my owner is careless and drops me. Darkness overwhelms me, but I can hear voices. One belongs to the boy, and, crying plaintively, he is asking someone if he saw me. Another boy answers "No," and I am astonished to learn I am under that boy's foot. Receding footsteps grow fainter till they cease. Then, and not till then, does the boy move his foot. No one is in sight. Suddenly a dirty hand seizes me and I am crammed into a dirty pocket. Gone is the shiny look, for I am dirty from the boy's boot, and the pavement. Gone is the crispness, for I am crushed. Tiny wrinkles dot my whole face. I am an old shinplaster now.

A little girl picks me up, and I am used to start a bank account. So once again I enter the imposing structure of the bank, and repose in the cashier's drawer with my fellows. I could not foresee the horrible death which awaited me.

Six o'clock chimes, and there is a bustle of excitement and hurry, the closing and locking of drawers, these diminishing gradually till all is silent.

I tell my new friends of my travels. I have seen happy faces, casual faces, features lined with sorrow and grief, the wrinkled skin of the old, and the evil faces of the thieves. I tell them of the little girl who had wished to start a bank account with me, and—hist—what was that? Something is crackling, something is smelling. Then it breaks into the drawer. A long, red tongue is licking nearer and nearer. I see my brothers go up in smoke. I am very warm. The flame is nearer. Its hot breath is fanning my face. The edges of me begin to curl and smoke. So this is the way I am destined to leave the world I came to serve. Crackle! It is so hot* Ohh!

VIOLET BAXTER.

EVERY MINUTE

By O.O.

The magnificent Canadian Pacific station at Montreal, West Side, seethed with life. Trains arrived and departed in clangorous succession. Engines panted and struggled up and down the maze of tracks which crossed and recrossed in a bewildering pattern of shining steel. Trucks and carts of baggage, trundled by panting, sweating porters, rumbled along the platform, the sound of their bumping and rolling resounding against the arched roof of the depot like distant thunder. Baggage men and conductors hurried about, thrusting their way unceremoniously through the crowd. Passengers ran hither, thither, and yon, frantically trying to complete arrangements before the departure of their train.

From his perch on one of the stools in the railway cafeteria, George Hurd watched the scene with open-eyed absorption. He had arrived in Montreal only that afternoon, landing from the "Canconia" at three o'clock after an

exceedingly rough passage. It seemed a tremendously long distance to his home in Ireland, to the farm where he had been born and raised, and where his father and mother awaited his return from this Canada, the land of plenty, whither he had repaired to make his fortune.

Upon landing, he had made a gallantly pathetic attempt to enjoy the sights of the city, but had finally surrendered to the inevitable bout of home-sickness. Morose and depressed, he had wandered to the station, whither he was to leave for the West. To his intense delight he had discovered this lunch-room, where he could get tea. To an old-countryman, tea spells the seventh heaven of rest and refreshment. Accordingly, he had ordered a cup, and, to his astonishment, he began to recover from his loneliness. The sight of the amber-brown liquid, steaming in the white cup, seemed to cheer him, and he began to look upon this new world through more friendly eyes.

The scurry and bustle of this, the first large city he had ever visited, confused and annoyed him, but the cup of tea worked miracles. He discovered that the people here were not at all dissimilar in appearance and manner to those he had always known, save for their faces. To him they seemed horribly pale and worn, contrasted with the ruddy, almost scarlet, complexions he had always seen at home.

Finishing the cup to the last drop, he glanced at the clock over the door, paid his bill, and proceeded to the platform. Having no way of passing the two hours between supper and bed-time, and not wishing to go to the hotel too early, he paused, undecided, leaning against one of the gigantic pillars supporting the domed roof.

A shrill-voiced newsboy passed him,

shouting at the top of his voice. George hailed him, and asked him, in a deferential tone, for a copy of the evening paper. Glancing at his face, the boy grinned knowingly, and demanded twenty-five cents for it. The intricacies of Canadian currency were still mysteries to George, and he brought forth his wallet, crammed with notes, and, selecting a five-dollar bill, handed it to the boy. At the sight of the wallet, the lad's eyes opened wide, but, with an effort, he turned his attention to his change.

Taking his paper and change, George commenced to read, leaning still against the pillar, but his attention wandered, and he soon became absorbed in watching the fussing crowd. Mentally, he compared them rather unfavorably with the friends and neighbors of his youth. Why, he mused, old Tim Shaugnessy, who owned the largest farm in the district, and who had turned sixty-five last autumn, could twist any two of these puny weaklings around his fingers, while, if a man of sixty-five, who had worked hard and long all his life could do that, what could not any of his other six-foot, fifteen-stone neighbors do?

Still ruminating thus, he let his gaze stray over the crowd. Suddenly he stared, incredulous. Were these people mad as well as weak? There was a small, insignificant-looking slip of a man, running up and down the platform, following first one passerby, and then another. He would run after one for the space of a few minutes, then leave that one, and follow another. Puzzled, George watched the man closely. Then he gasped.

The fellow was a pickpocket! Unnoticed in the hurry and confusion, he was quietly and methodically extracting wallets and valuables from the pockets of the unsuspecting crowd. The flash of the silver and

gold of the watches in the glare of the arc-lights could just be discerned by an intent observer.

It took several minutes for it to dawn upon him that he had better let someone in authority know about it. Besides, the thief had probably seen the wallet as George had paid the newsboy, and would be over to get it in a few minutes. He would have to find a policeman immediately. He turned quickly, searching frantically for the familiar blue uniform, and bumped into a tall, well-dressed man who was coming up behind him.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger in a pleasant voice, "You seem in an awful hurry."

"Yes. I want a policeman. Where can I find one?" demanded George.

"A policeman? Would I do? I'm Detective-Sergeant Archibald, of the force."

Surprised at his good fortune, George poured out his story in a few minutes, pointing to the suspect as he did so.

"H'm. We can't arrest him just on suspicion, because no one will be able to identify the goods, as none of the victims knows he has been robbed. We must find some way of catching him red-handed. Let me see. Ah! I have it."

Speaking rapidly, he outlined his plan.

"You stand here, by this pole. Take out your paper and read it. You say this fellow saw your wallet. Then he'll probably come and get it. Let him take it, and then I'll arrest him. I'll stay here in the back."

"But—" began George, when the other interrupted him.

"Hurry up, you fool, you'll spoil it all. You've got to help me whether you want to or not, I'll have you arrested for obstructing a police officer in the performance of his duty."

The thought of being arrested upon

his first day in Canada was enough for George. He obeyed, inwardly protesting, but outwardly with the greatest possible show of eagerness.

He took his place in front of the pillar, holding his paper well up in front of his face, but lowering it every minute or so, to see whether or not the thief was approaching.

"Stop it, you idiot," came in an agonized whisper from the detective. "Can't you act natural?"

George tried his best to look innocent, but the best he could manage was a cross between the attitude of a martyr and that of a society debutante upon her presentation.

The thief, however, was too anxious to secure the wallet to bother about George. He had hardly got settled when the pickpocket approached him.

"Have you a match, buddy?" he enquired.

George dug down into his pocket and produced a box. The stranger thanked him, and remained in conversation with him for several minutes. If George had not been prepared for it, he would never have known that his pockets were being rifled, for the thief was a past master. Having extracted everything of value from the pockets of his victim, the man moved off with a careless, "So-long," and was soon lost to view in the crowd.

The detective followed him to the door, where he accused him of the robbery. With the wallet in his possession, and confronted by his victim, he could not deny his guilt, and he was soon manacled to the detective and led out of the station.

George followed them out of the station to the taxi, which was waiting to bear the thief to the police station. The detective paused with his foot upon the running-board, and turning to George, said: "You'll have to come down to the station with me and iden-

tify this guy. Then you can get your wallet and watch and put a claim in for expenses."

Accordingly George climbed hastily in after the officer, and the car moved off. It was hardly under way, however, before the thief began to struggle. He heaved and bit and scratched, so that it was all George and the detective could do to hold him. The driver pulled into the curb and the three of them soon had him under control.

When they had him subdued, the detective turned to George and said: "It'll take more'n the two of us to keep him quiet until we get to the station, so you'd better run over to the drug-store and 'phone for another constable."

Still panting, George hurried across to the store, and with some difficulty, managed to get the police station.

"Hello. Police headquarters?" he gasped, "Send up a man to Mountain and Laurier right away."

After thanking the proprietor for the use of the 'phone, George crossed the street to where he had left the taxi.

It was nowhere to be seen. Puzzled, he paused upon the sidewalk irresolute. The driver of one of the cabs lined up by the curb volunteered some information.

"That car drove off as soon as you left. It went down that way."

"But—he shouldn't have done that. I've got to go down to the station with them. They've got my watch and wallet."

"Gee." That's tough. I'll drive you down. Hop in."

"Oh, no. They didn't take it. You needn't waste your sympathy on me. I don't need it," replied George, who was by now quite angry.

The cab driver began to look ugly, but, fortunately, a policeman hurried up.

"Are you the guy what 'phoned from the drug-store for a cop?" he demanded of George.

"Yes. I wanted you to help me hold a pickpocket, but he's gone."

Seeing the look of blank amazement upon the face of the officer, he hastened to pour out his tale. As the story drew to a close, the look of amazement on the face of the policeman gave place to one of scorn.

"Why, ya ham, that guy wasn't no detective. No more'n you are. Just a minute, and I'll 'phone the station and see if there is anyone there by that name."

In a few minutes he returned.

"Nope. No one there by that name at all. Tough luck," he said, grinning.

PETS

Having heard of the abominable way in which pets of various kinds are being treated in these barbarous days, we have decided to give a few hints to the rising generation. Original minds will have chosen the rarer kinds, and it is with these that we propose to deal.

To begin with, white mice, being subject to fierce attacks of hypochondria, if cooped up, should be allowed to wander freely through the house, and sit at the table with the rest of the family.

Guinea-pigs, however, should be kept secluded in boxes for one, tea for two being strictly prohibited. Also tails should be cultivated so that after their weekly wash they may be hung out to dry.

Tortoises, being subject to adiposity, are very sensitive about their appearance. Therefore, hurdles should be erected on the front lawn for their benefit.

Monkeys should be provided with ukuleles, treated as members of the family and venerated as noble ancestors.

As goats are exceedingly delicate, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food should be administered. If kept in the attic, the continual ascending and descending of the stairs will keep them athletic.

If hives for beekeeping are too expensive, perforated buckets will serve admirably. The mellifluous insects may be enticed, by holding a roasted sausage over the buckets, whilst plaintively whistling "Where the Bee Sucks"—their national anthem.

Birds should be kept chained in kennels and fed on lentils and cold rice pudding. To capture these animals, either shoot them (in which case they probably will never sing again), or lasso them.

Tadpoles should never be washed, as it is injurious to the complexion, but should be allowed to graze on the lawn for at least half the day. To prevent them becoming frogs, stew them—they make excellent soup.

PETTY.

CYCLING

To cycle is to proceed upon a bicycle, and a bicycle is a machine having two wheels, the hinder of which is propelled by turning the legs about a third wheel so that another smaller wheel connected to the small wheel by a chain turns around the large back wheel. Possibly! We will, however, amend this statement by saying that a bicycle is (as the name does not imply) a machine with four wheels.

However, the novice should have a clear idea of the names given to the various spare parts. To begin with, the "handlebars," a piece of twisted metal, are situated in a convenient position to be grasped occasionally, to prevent the rider from falling off. The "bell," attached to the "handlebars," has a trigger which, when pulled, causes a shrill sound to be emitted—this will break the monot-

ony of a long ride. The "saddle" is a leather "oojah," due south of the "handlebars," and is rather handy for sitting on when tired. A small vanity bag is fastened to the "saddle." The "mudguards" are usually found clinging to either wheel; on the hinder one will (or should) be found a small piece of red glass—this is a bad imitation of the will o' the wisp. The "pedals" are small pieces of rubber attached to the larger of the smaller wheels.

To move this vehicle, the novice should drop into the saddle from some elevated place, seize the "handlebars," place the feet on the "pedals," and try to run. It will be found that the running action turns the wheel which turns the other wheel, which, in turn, turns the other wheel. Having thus started, it should not be difficult to continue—if the road is downhill.

Cyclists should keep to the right-hand side of the road, as it is more convenient and the air is apt to be clearer. To have the fastest vehicle on the road extend the left arm horizontally and all other vehicles will stop, or, at least, should. If the novice sets out after 4 p.m. it would be advisable to carry a flashlight, to recognize a policeman.

If all these rules are strictly adhered to, the cyclist may be safe for a few minutes.

(Sgd.) PEDLAR.

EDWARD GILLIES

Ed Gillies, Room 6, who may justly be styled Chief Staff Artist of "Breezes" 1930-31, is deserving of liberal praise for his many excellent posters, blackboard sketches and other artistic contributions which have gone far to promote the success of our year book and other school activities. We wish him continued pleasure and profit in his art.

LET'S GO!

Recreation, in the form of physical exercise or of play, is an essential means of restoring poise and tone. It is here that the brain worker has an advantage over the so-called manual laborer, for he can turn with relief to physical activity, whereas the manual laborer cannot turn as readily to mental activity. The reason for this is that many kinds of manual labor are wrongly called so because they require a considerable amount of alertness, decision and dexterity involving more brain activity than some kinds of clerical work, which are largely routine. Also, physical weariness affects the nervous system and makes the brain incapable of strenuous mental effort. At the close of a day's work physical exhaustion has usually reached such a degree that little advantage can be taken of educational opportunities.

Therefore we have the tendency of workers to resort, in the leisure hours, to amusements that entertain a passive mind, rather than those which demand one's attention. The "picture shows" owe their great popularity over that of the drama and the concert not merely to cheaper prices and "lowbrow tastes," but to the tired bodies and the strained nerves of the audience.

Mental fatigue, arising from monotony and a lack of interest in life is accountable for the resort to forms of excitement like betting and gambling, or to narcotics as tobacco and alcohol. Alcohol presents a means of escape from irksome conditions of life. It is notable that drinking and gambling are resorted to by those who are either too tired or too bored to be able to occupy their leisure in more beneficial forms of enjoyment.

However, let's have freedom in excitement—even at the expense of system or uniformity. Why should we

be told how to spend our leisure time? As a people we, like our friends to the south, are largely faddists in recreation. At first it is the professional, then the amateur, then the ridiculous, goofy golf, table tennis, now yo-yo. Anything for diversion and immediate excitement. No blame to us. We need it. Recreation must be pursued

bludgeon the first man who speaks any longer of planning one's leisure hours, and massacre all who would standardize recreation. It is our own sweet time to do as seemeth us well.

E. H., R. 58.



somehow and somewhere, so if we cannot drink, cannot smoke, cannot read or play professional, let's play yo-yo. It is of no use any longer asking whether one leisure or recreation is revenue bearing. We don't want such leisure. We play as amateurs—for the good of the sport, and our recreation is a diversion of spontaneous expression of natural proclivities, or animal complexes. Hence,

THE ADVENT OF MORNING

The morning stars are fading fast
As o'er the hills, a gleam, at last
Of bright sunshine beams forth
To brighten Mother Earth.

The Watchman high up in his tower
Has called the last long nightly hour;
The nightingale in rest and ease
Slumbers among the trees.

The cheery lark has ta'en his flight,
And o'er the world the soft, bright
light
Steals softly, warming all things
through
And drying up the dew,

Until at last all things do rise;
Above the dawn, high in the skies
The sun in glory doth appear,
Glorious, golden, clear.

W. S., 58.

AN APPEAL FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Fellow Canadians! Thirteen years have elapsed since mankind witnessed the most dreadful catastrophe in the history of civilization, and almost thirteen years since the formation of that most powerful peace-making machine, the "League of Nations." The most blood-life struggle that tried all nations had ended and resulted in the establishment of an International Peace League. Was that disaster essential to the European nations of 1914? That disaster where ten mil-

lion innocent men lost their lives; where millions died in the filth and horrors of trench life; where millions met death in a thousand ghastly shapes; the miseries of men screaming in agony at their wounds, the shell-shocked, the blinded, the disabled and the maimed? Was not the organization of the League of Nations of vital importance to prevent any such future struggle? Must we continue to have future wars, or are we going to prevent them? The war-clouds are again rising as in 1914 and we would not like to see the destruction of our civilization which has almost reached the peak of its glory. Must not, fellow countrymen, a strong determination to prevent war be made? and is not the League of Nations the only means of nations to get together and bury their animosities, settle their international disputes and problems, and unite in the furtherance of peace? Is it not our duty to give our whole-hearted support towards the maintenance of the League of Nations? Listen to the lament of Viscount Grey, that if there had been a League in 1914 there would have been no war. Is it not that the League does what the governments desire, and that the League can succeed only if it has the right attitude? This, fellow citizens, depends on you who elect these governments. Is it not true that public opinion first rallied round the League as the sole hope of a shipwrecked world, and is not public opinion the heart of the whole matter? Does it not behoove you, my Canadians, to do your utmost to assist the League by whatever means possible, and prevent future wars? How many wars could have been prevented or avoided in the past if the quarrelling governments had been persuaded to wait a little while until their differences had been settled by an impartial body, and the

whole matter had been given some publicity!

Think of the huge debt and the enormous cost involved in the past wars. In round figures the last war cost four hundred billion dollars. To illustrate what this gigantic sum means, Mr. Mulholland recently stated, "You could give to every family in Canada, United States, Australia, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany and Russia a home costing \$2,500, with one thousand dollars' worth of furniture and five acres of land at a cost of one hundred dollars per acre; and in addition to that you could provide for every city over two thousand in population in all the countries named a library costing five million dollars, a hospital costing five million dollars, and a University costing ten million dollars. Then you would have a sum left for investment in perpetuity at 5% per annum sufficient to hire one hundred and twenty-five thousand nurses, and one hundred and twenty-five thousand teachers, and still have sufficient money left to purchase and pay for everything of value in France and Belgium!" This enormous sum of money could have been used instead by the countries involved in war for the development of their varied industries. Let us prevent future strife and unnecessary wars and let us, by means of the efforts of the League of Nations, have peace.

A. H., R. 18.

Among those who spent the 24th of May week-end at Selkirk are—Jim Duncan, James Duncan, Jimmy Duncan (Apologies, Jim.)

Wanted—A mechanical apparatus to do Geometry propositions and, if necessary, to report at four.

Apply to Room 13.

French Department

LE COIN FRANCAIS



C'est la première fois qu'apparaît dans notre journal "The Breezes" un coin français. D'autres brochures accordent une place au français et parce que cela semble être aussi utile qu'agréable, le staff a décidé d'en faire l'essai dans notre journal. Sans doute nous ne nous attendons pas à avoir un succès extraordinaire au début, mais nous espérons qu'avec le temps le coin français aura une réelle attraction pour nos lecteurs. Avant d'aller plus loin, il faut avouer que nous avons fait des emprunts dans deux journaux français: "La France" et "La Liberté," pour nos fantaisies, anecdote, et poésie.

À NOS ELEVES:

De A. Brou, S.J. (Art et Foi)

Lorsque le tableau noir se barbouille
de blanc,
Qu'un nuage de craie, enveloppe la
chaire,
Et que vos yeux héants, comme porte
cochère,
Suivent le flot de grec qui s'en va
ruisselant.

Vous pensez quelquefois: "Nous ferons
maigre chère,
Et ce grec tant vonté n'est pas très
régaland!"

Mais attendez encore; le vrai travail
Et le labeur est dur sur un sol en
jachère.

Laissez, laissez pousser les grains
menus et secs,
Paradigmes abstraits, mots sanscrits,
latins, grecs,
Syntaxe étouffant net l'herbe de
fantaisie.

Ils écloront sans bruit les germes
enterrés,

Ils vont faire éclater la glèbe, et,
vous verrez!

Ce que je sème en vous, c'est de la
poésie.

ANECDOTE:

Il y a quelque temps, un malfaiteur s'introduisit dans la maison d'une vieille dame qui, croyait-il, vivait seule et était trop impotente pour pouvoir se défendre. Il pensait donc avoir toute facilité pour cambrioler sa maison; mais voilà qu'au moment où il arrivait, menaçant, près de la vieille dame terrifiée, il entendit dans la pièce voisine une voix aiguë qui criait.

"Servez . . . servez le déjeuner, Alphonsine."

Et une voix plus forte qui répondait:

"Bien, madame. Tout de suite, madame."

Le voleur s'en fuit aussitôt, comme il était venu.

Et savez-vous qui parlait ainsi?

Tout simplement le perroquet de la vieille dame, qui avait souvent entendu ces phrases et les répétait volontiers, car il était gourmand!

De "La France."

DES PLAISANTERIES:

—Je n'ai jamais vu d'aussi beaux fruits? Vous pouvez dire que vous avez un beau verge . . . Mais, n'y mettez-vous pas d'épouvantail pour éloigner les moineaux?

—C'est inutile, ma femme et moi sommes toujours dans le jardin.

—Justin, vous avez touché à mes cigares: il m'en manque trois—.

—Oh, ce n'est pas moi, monsieur, je vous assure, j'ai été malade après le premier.

Le Maître—Et maintenant, mon petit ami, pourriez-vous me dire quel est l'animal qui nous fournit le jambon?

L'élève: (après avoir réfléchi un instant)—Le charcutier, monsieur.

DEPUIS LE JOUR

De l'opéra de "Louise"

Par Charpentier

Louise est une jeune Française qui aime la gaieté de Paris, mais son père n'approuve pas cette gaieté. Un jour Louise fait la connaissance d'un jeune artiste bohémien et devient tout de suite amoureux de lui mais cet amant ne plaît pas au père.

Alors Louise part de chez elle et s'en va à Paris avec son Julien. Elle s'ennuie bientôt de la gaie vie et regrette de ne plus être chez son père. Un jour nos deux amoureux se trouvent dans un beau jardin, Louise chante la chanson "Depuis le Jour," pour dire à Julien comme elle a été heureuse.

M. BORLASE, R. 13.

Art Department

How many of our students realize and take advantage of the fact that we have a fine collection of pictures in the halls and rooms of our school? This collection is made up of historic prints, etchings and many fine reproductions of the works of the world's master painters.

The history of Painting has been divided into three main periods:

1. The Early Christian, which includes all paintings before 1440.
2. The Renaissance, 1440 to 1600.
3. Modern Period, under which is classified all painting after 1600. As our collection does not contain any examples from the first group we shall commence with the Renaissance.

A revival of Art took place in the Renaissance period and consequently many of the finest paintings were produced during that time.

Of the Florentine School we have in our collection: Leonardo de Vinci's master pieces, The Last Supper, hanging in Room 15 and Mona Lisa, in Room 34. Saint Cecilia in Room 53 and the famous Sistine Madonna in the lower hall are both by Raphael. Botticelli's Madonna is found in Room 56 and Titian's portrait of his daughter Lavinia, in Room 58. Van Eyck of the Flemish school is represented by his St. Cecilia in the music room.

Paintings after 1600 are classified according to the schools to which the painters belonged.

In the Flemish school the great master Rubens is not represented, but his pupil Van Dyck's Charles I of England is to be found in Room 48.

Rembrandt, the great Dutch artist, and his wife Saskia, look at us from the walls of the library and in Room 58 we find The Man with the Helmet. In Room 8 is his famous group, The Syndics, and in the upper hall The Sweeping Girl. Ruydail's Windmill in Room 55, The Avenue of Trees by Hobberna in the lower hall, The Letter, by Ferborch in the upper hall are all of this school.

Holbein, the German artist, is represented by one of his most famous portraits, The Merchant Guize, in Room 58, and Durer's portrait of Jerome Holzschuher is to be found in Room 12.

Spring, by Corot, found in the lower hall and Madame Le Brun's portrait of herself and her daughter, in Room 54, represent the French school.

English paintings before the eighteenth century were the works of foreign artists. Towards the middle of this century a generation of remarkable portrait painters grew up under the influence of Rubens and Van Dyck.

Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough headed this group. Two of Reynolds's pictures are in our collection, Angel Heads in Room 64, and the Countess Spencer and Child in the lower hall. Raeburn's Leslie Boy, and The Sackville Children by Hoppner are also of this group. They are hung in the upper hall.

Nineteenth Century English artists are represented by Dante's Dream by Rossetti, and Spring, by Alma Sadema, both in the upper hall, The Golden Stairs, by Burne Jones in Room 22 and The Boyhood of Raleigh by Millais in the library.

In the lower hall we have an etching, Vezelay, by Robert Logan of Manitoba. The picture portrays the Chapel door of the Basilica built by Saint Bernard and the monks at Vezelay in France in the early part of the 12th century.

Now that you know where some of our pictures are, take a trip to the various rooms and see them. You will find it very interesting.

HAROLD TUCKER, XIG.

Note—The etching by Robert Logan, mentioned in the above article, was presented to the school by the graduation class at the graduation exercises three years ago. Future graduation classes might do much for their Alma Mater by following this example.

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ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER



Those who belong to the Daniel McIntyre are really very fortunate. It is not every school, or even every high school that has statues or pictures adorning its halls and classrooms. When you go from room to room, do you ever remark to your fellow student, "Isn't that a lovely statue, or painting?" "I wonder where that was carved or painted? Well, I shall tell you something about one of our statues.

It stands conspicuously in the library. The name of this statue is Sophocles, a Greek tragedian, who lived in the fifth century B.C. The name of the sculptor is not known. It was carved in Italy.

The pictures and statuary we enjoy today are due to the vision and enthusiasm of the group of teachers of the old high school. Under their cap-

able and untiring efforts, the students were trained. Concerts were given, and the money raised was embodied in a lasting memorial.

We honor those who made this possible, and salute the memory of three of the number no longer with us, Mr. Schofield, Miss Johnston, and Miss Barbara Stewart. We have a goodly heritage.

ETHEL BARRIE, R. 55.

Wanted—A snow plow to clean the blackboards and remove paper from the floor.

Apply at Room 50.

Query—Will Bert Gallop on Field Day?

Mr. Fyles—"Turner, put your feet down. I want to see the blackboard.

Ten Years From Now

Queen of Russia—"Goodness gracious, the baby has a stomach ache.

Private Secretary Grace Smith (excitedly)—"Here, page, call in the Secretary of the Interior."

"Teacher, is today tomorrow?" asked little Tiger Mitchell.

"Certainly it isn't," answered Mr. Smith.

"But you said it was," replied "Tige."

"When did I say today was tomorrow?"

"Yesterday."

"Well, it was; today was tomorrow yesterday but today is today today just as yesterday was today yesterday and tomorrow will be today tomorrow, which makes today yesterday tomorrow. Now run along and play."

Miss Gayton—"How did St. Cecilia die?"

Margaret—"She was canonized."

Debating Department

SENIOR DEBATES

Debating has gained a firm foothold in the list of school activities, as is evinced by the number of students in attendance, and the quality of the speaking. The topics of debate covered a wide range of subjects, from the old and well worn, "Resolved that a twenty-mile an hour speed limit for Winnipeg would be better than the present law," to the "up to the minute" subject, "Resolved that purchase on the installment plan should be abolished." There were twelve rooms taking part, out of which Rooms 47 and 19 reached the finals. These two rooms met on March 9, prepared to do battle over the subject, "Resolved that disarmament is in the interests of civilization," with Vera Parry and Grace Taylor representing the affirmative and Room 47, and Ronald Turner and Norris Belton upholding the negative and Room 19.

All the speakers showed evidence of careful preparation and forethought, even to the extent of the

negative bringing to view a wicked looking cannon, which, however, we trust was not being used as an instrument of intimidation.

As has been the practice for years, outside judges were in attendance, and their task was most certainly not an easy one, according to Mr. Thorson who gave a brief criticism of the debate and its result. The decision was given, "after a great deal of deliberation, consideration, and agitation," (to quote Mr. Thorson) in favor of the negative, Room 19. This debate concluded a particularly fine year amongst our rising orators and politicians.

F.T.

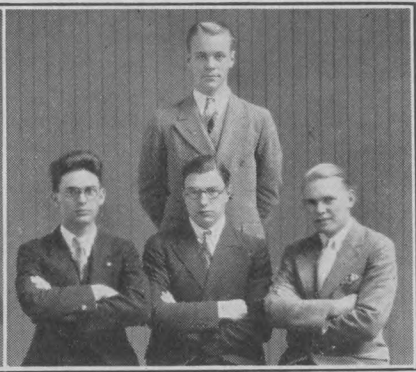
The Junior debates seem to be gaining year by year in popularity. These discussions which are completely managed by the students, not only provide enjoyment for the listeners, but also furnish them with much useful knowledge; while the students participating gain experience in addressing an audience, and also receive valu-



JUNIOR DEBATERS

Room 13, Ten A

Back Row—Gwen Sigmundson, Islay Black, Audrey Lewis.
Front Row—Blanche Kyle, Evelyn Kerr, Roberta Smith.



SENIOR DEBATERS

Front Row—J. Carmichael, G. McLean.
Standing—R. Turner.



able criticism from the judges, which furthers their improvement.

The student body evinced so much interest and pleasure in the debates this year that Mr. Campbell decided to allow those rooms which reached the finals and semi-finals to witness, during school hours, the concluding debate between Rooms 13 and 56. The representatives of these were, respectively, Islay Black and Roberta Smith, supporting the affirmative, and Elizabeth McMorland and Evelyn McQuade on the negative. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved that pedestrian traffic in the business section of Winnipeg's arterial highways should be controlled by the present system." This proved a very interesting argument, as it is a subject exciting many varied opinions at the present time. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative, but the negative also is well worthy of praise. The delivery on both sides was excellent, although the affirmative side was, on the whole, more dynamic and convincing. All participants presented a fine, well-prepared argument, and are to be congratulated on their excellent debating powers.

The winning room received the ban-

ner which is presented to the winners of the junior debates as token of merit.

Thus ended the successful debating season of 1930-31.

BEULAH WILSON.

"BREEZES" SALES AND DISTRIBUTION

A big sale (wide circulation) of "Breezes" reduces the cost per copy and enables us to sell our advertising space more easily to business men. Vera Packman, Room 7, Thelma Nicholson, 10, and Margaret Patterson, 55, have done valuable work in conducting the Room Sales Contest and in organizing distribution. This year's sale of "Breezes" will exceed last year's by about 400 copies.

Buckler (to bus conductor)—"I say, is this old Noah's ark full?"

Conductor—"All but the donkey; jump in."

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Because the "Breezes" was published earlier than usual this year, we have not yet received magazines from many schools. However, our exchange column is larger than it was last year, and for the first time we have received magazines from schools outside North America. We thank the editors of the magazines listed below, and welcome back our old friends.

"Blue and White," Walkerville

A very well-developed school year book. we liked especially the addition of a "Scientist Column," and your cartoons and cover show splendid work from the artists of your school.

"The Vulcan," Toronto

We were glad to see that the staff of the "Vulcan" maintained the high standard set by former students. The cover is unusually artistic, the cartoons are very clever, and the literary section is, as in other years, a great credit to the school.

"The Red Herring," Emerson

This is indeed a novel production, and shows very good effort on the part of its editors. We will be very interested to see how a paper of this type will succeed. It is indeed a risky proposition editing so personal a paper in a school.

"Acadia Athenæum," Nova Scotia

A very fine monthly magazine. Your Humor section is very extensive, and the "Personals" are most interesting. It is certainly a magazine for any college to be proud of.

"Moosomin Annual," Saskatchewan

For a small school such as yours,

this paper is a very complete one. The class news can hardly be improved, and the literary section is excellent. Your "Athletics" might be enlarged upon.

"Woodnotes," Sheffield

Your cover is very attractive, the literary section is well-developed, and the write-ups on the sports are most interesting. We think the addition of an "Exchange" column would improve your magazine.

"The Greystone," Saskatchewan

A splendid university year-book. The photographs and write-ups in connection with them are most appropriate. Your cover is very effective, and the "Humor" is excellent.

"Red and White News," Pittsfield

For a magazine which is issued once a month this is a most complete one. The cover is especially appropriate, and every section of the paper is well developed. Might we suggest write-ups on your musical and athletic activities?

"Vox," United Colleges, Manitoba

It is impossible for us to offer any suggestions for improving your magazine because it seems to possess all the necessities of a half-term college paper. We think the cover an improvement over last year's.

"Hermes," Toronto

One of our best exchanges. The matter is well arranged, the literary section is splendid, and the cover is excellent. A truly model year book, and one worthy of your school.

"Specula Galtonia," Ontario

An unusually good production. The form news, literary section, and cartoons are all A1, and require special mention. Congratulations Galt! May we see you in print again next year.

"Nautilus," Philadelphia

A remarkably fine issue from a junior high school. The literary and humor sections are almost as good as those in senior high school magazines. The cover, also, is most attractive.

"Kelvin Year Book," Winnipeg

The literary section is, as in former years, the main feature of this year book. Your cover and cartoons speak splendidly for the artists. Photographs of the graduating classes would greatly improve the book.

"Magazine," South Africa

A yearly production showing the students' keen interest in sports. There are a great many clever poems in this year book, and the articles in Dutch make your magazine unusual.

"Holt School Magazine," England

A magazine revealing many interesting and original writings. The school news is very interesting, the cover is attractive, and altogether the magazine is a great credit to the school.

"The Vantech," Vancouver

A most interesting and artistic production. A strong sense of humor running through the magazine enlightens the heavier reading.

"The Wykehamist," England

We congratulate you an producing so successful a paper every ten days. It is a distinctively original magazine. The reviews of the social, athletic, and scholarly activities are both interesting and humorous.

"The Breeze," Wyoming

A very peppy and humorous little paper which is published once a month. It contains a lot of news in very little space, and shows the students' keen interest in sports.

"The Tatler," Georgia

A highly interesting monthly paper. We like your breezy, journalistic style, and think your magazine an ideal production for a boys' school.

THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

Our school, the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute (for the deaf, dumb, blind and mentally unsound) has two councils—the Senior Council and the Junior Council. Together they form the School Council which looks after the affairs of both the Junior and Senior students. The councils, taken individually, have six members each, including the president and secretary. This year, as in others, we have been fortunate in having the pick of the school on our councils. The Senior students chose Bill Hanna, Grace Smith, Nancy Miller, Alice Parr, Sydney Cohen, and Manly Bond, with the first two as president and secretary (respectfully). The Junior students picked Dorothy Jones, Dorothy Scott, Jim Duncan, Dave Wooley, Keith Davidson, and Margaret McQuoid, with Dorothy Jones and Jim Duncan as president and secretary respectively.

The duties of the School Council are many and varied. Every activity, whether athletic, scholastic or social, must pass before the council for approval if the aforesaid activity is sponsored by the student-body. Just think, mellow student, how capable and worthy is our noble council. Many of the members have never sat in council before, and without experience, without practice, diligently apply themselves to the great problems set before them. Such is the noble nature of our great council.

Let us now present you with a faint idea of how our council is composed. Well, to make a short story long, it is elected. One dreary Friday afternoon, October 24th, as we were all sleeping peacefully over our books, we were



SCHOOL COUNCIL

Back Row—Gordon Peacock, Nancy Miller, Manly Bond, Isabel Bain, Dave Woolley.
 Second Row—Keith Davison, Bill Hanna, Grace Smith, Dorothy Jones, Jim Duncan, Sidney Cohen.
 Front Row—Alice Parr, Dorothy Scott, Margaret McQuoid.

rudely awakened by a far-distant voice of authority issuing instructions which, we later learned, pertained to the art of voting. For fifty cents apiece, we were allowed to mark numbers on a small slip of paper bearing names. After the novelty of the event wore off, we were informed that we had voted for some candidates (no! not candy dates). Great was the excitement and loud the buzzing hum of human chatter down in the recreation sheds, whither we repaired, where a school council was being recreated. Names flashed before us. Numbers followed. The crowd milled about. It was eagerly awaiting the final result.

It came. All was over. We returned to our homes, minus fifty cents, but plus a worthy council.

JOE McCracken.

WATCHING THE CONSTITUTION AT WORK

The unique distinction of being Winnipeg's first Senior High School to have a Constitution has been awarded to our Collegiate. Its adoption is a distinct achievement and we trust every member of the school has made a careful study of its form and has entered into its proper spirit.

Our Constitution has provided for the creation of various Committees which cover a wide field of endeavor. Through the medium of the Athletic Commission, which has representatives from each room, and the Athletic Advisory Board the school sports are handled. A Debating Committee makes all necessary arrangements for inter-room debates. Our Morale Committee provides for cheer leaders to stimulate

lagging school spirit, while press notices are inserted in local newspapers by the Publicity Committee. The Social and Music Committees, in their respective capacities render valuable service to the school.

After learning the duties of these Committees one may readily see how the functioning of the Constitution is simplified. Once the committees are appointed the Council has but to recognize their abilities in these special lines and allow them to proceed. By the perfect co-operation of Council and Committee a good result is assured; but the Council must not assume an attitude of superior intelligence and encroach upon the jurisdiction of these Committees. Such an attitude would be detrimental to the harmony for which they must necessarily strive.

The relationship of the faculty member to the students on Councils and Committees is that of adviser, but indeed, our teachers are more than advisers; they make an added contribution to our training for later life by their coaching in procedure and conduct of committees. To this source we attribute the splendid feeling of harmony and co-operation which pervades our school. If we only recognize this function of our teachers on our committees we have won half the battle for successful student participation in school government. There is but one thing left to say, but one hope to express, that future students will endeavor in every way to foster this spirit of co-operation and bring it to a greater degree of perfection.

GRACE SMITH.

SCHOOL MORALE

To serve on the "Morale" Committee is by no means one of the easiest duties which may fall to the lot of a student. The task which this committee sets itself is both serious and

difficult. Its primary aim is to encourage a high tone of conduct in the life of the school; to secure the co-operation of all students in the maintenance of this element in all branches of its activities.

Such a committee may never hope entirely to fulfil even the first of its objectives. Perhaps no one will be shocked if it has to be recorded that during the past year, the committee on "School Morale" failed to accomplish its prime and proper purpose; the job is not an easy one; it is in fact decidedly difficult. Yet if the members are to work under the title of "Morale" Committee they should have no less a high aim. Any dictionary will give the information that "morale" is conduct, manners or behavior. If the duties are less than has been stated, the committee is sadly misnamed. On the other hand, the difficulty of attainment of this objective should not in the least detract from its pursuit and, at any rate, partial accomplishment.

Although the primary purpose of this body then, is to concern itself with the tone of the school, certain handicaps must be recognized which hinder the committee in the attainment of this ideal. Schools which are famed for their tone and tradition have the advantage of certain features. It may have an enrolment of a hundred or so students as against the thousand odd enrolled in our own. It is usually a school composed of either boys or girls and not both. The school spirit in a girls' school would differ radically from the morale of a boys' institution; certain features would be found in one and not in the other. Any attempt to superimpose these two types to produce a homogeneous "morale" might result in failure. So, one may well ask whether it is possible for a School Morale Committee, working under our own conditions, to achieve anything worth while.

Well might this question be asked, its nebulous and shadowy state to partake of a more tangible existence. When we analyse this elusive quality of morale, what do we find? One predominant element is revealed: the fact that morale is based upon the self respect of the individual. The student with a degree of self respect will never allow his own standards to deteriorate. He desires to better himself rather than beat his neighbor. By his "tone" and his example he is of real assistance to his companions and classmates. A group of students of this type in a class room will unconsciously evolve a "class" spirit. In such a class there would be a noticeable "morale," a standard of conduct would be infused a jealous regard for its own good name. More especially would this characteristic develop in a class composed entirely of boys or entirely of girls.

In this manner then a class spirit, or class morale may be evolved. It spreads through the individuals in the group and has its roots in each individual. In a like manner school spirit or school morale may be generated. The morale of the school will spread because each class has its own spirit; it has its own regard for its good name. It will aim not so much at being better than another class but rather will its aim be to improve its own "tone" or "morale." Thus we see that the morale of the school begins with the self-respect of the individual, which spreads through the small group until a definite standard or tone is achieved. Then each class spirit or class morale will produce its effect upon the larger group. But it must be emphasised that the basis lies in the attitude of the individual student who seeks to improve himself, first for his own benefit, second for the good of the class, and finally for the good name of the school. Let these conditions be fulfilled, then this much desired school morale will emerge from

The practical problem before the committee is still untouched, but the foregoing has shown in which direction its activities should move. The Individual is the focal point on which its activities should concentrate: the class mate is the starting point. This is the aggravating difficulty of Democracy! Upon the essential quality of self-respect in the individual rests the greater and much desired quality which the committee seeks to evolve. So the problem stands—how to produce the right spirit in one's classmates. Not an easy task, but it has been done and it will be done again. Let the committee take every step possible to discourage slackness, to wipe out dishonesty, to clear away crudity; let it definitely try to spread the gospel of industry, truth, and courtesy. Let this be done moreover in a quiet, unobtrusive manner. Let actions speak as well as words, remembering that people will do what you yourself do, before they will do what you tell them to do. Tennyson says somewhere:

"... For the King

Will bind thee by such vows as is
a shame

A man should not be bound by, yet
the which

No man can keep."

M.C.

ALUMNI NOTES

Oyez! Oyez! Hear ye! Hear ye! and other sounds calculated to arouse the interest of the gentle reader. We are about to tell of those who graduated from these Halls of Learning and who are now wending their way along the Crowded Paths of Life, as the orators say.

Among the dear departed are certain students who recently took part in the 'Varsity production, "Princess Ida." René Hoole and Vera Lamont had leading rôles while Ragna John-

son, Verna Hillier, Helen and Louise Templeton, Chester Duncan, Munroe Dale, Fenton Malley, Walter Williamson, Orville Hayes and Gordon Worsley lent their voices to the choruses.

Others with not such melodious voices, but with high ambitions, go to "U" also. Some of these are: Pat Paget, Signy Stephenson. Alf Perley, Nick Iannone, Harrison Mullins, Phyllis O'Brien, George Bell, Ken Whalmough, Gordon Cain, Jack Galbraith, Stewart Crerar, Earle Simpson, and John Barnacal.

Daily, with shining morning faces, gaily, nay, eagerly, hurrying to Business College go many ex-Danielites. These include Merrill Brooks, of sprinting fame; Martha Setter, who portrayed the "menace" in our Gilbert and Sullivan opera; Hilda Decter, Jean Queen, Nan McGregor, Doug. Watson, Rhoda Lander, the Doyle sisters, Helen Edmondson and Dodo Brandon.

Many, spurred on to emulate our own teachers, are enrolled at Normal School. These are Svala Palson (Literary Editor of the 1930 Breezes), Beth Douglas, Anne Metzack, Dorothy Wright, Ellen Vosper, Emma Stephenson, Marie Sloane, Grace Shepherd, Helen Purdie, Ruth Hornbeek, May Johnson, Florentine Menzies, Mary Bone, and Kay Carson.

"Mub" Sprung, who was such a power on the track team and in school sports in general, won the Inter-Collegiate half mile of Western Canada last year and is now studying at Wesley.

Irene Fieldhouse, ex-councillor, has turned vegetarian on us and is now at the "Aggy."

Helen McLennan, who won the Governor-General's medal in 1928, is teaching little tots that two and two equals five and other mysteries that only teachers can explain.

Ruby Palmasson will receive her

B.Sc., and Myra Jackson her B.A. this year.

Eric Johnston has been doing some extensive travelling south of the line and we suspected rum-running. However, he has turned up again in Winnipeg so all's quiet on the border for a time at least.

You will no doubt agree that the majority of our grads are doing extremely well and we are very proud of them. To those mentioned above and to any whom we have unintentionally omitted we extend our most sincere wishes for success.

THE 1929-30 COUNCIL AND AN ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

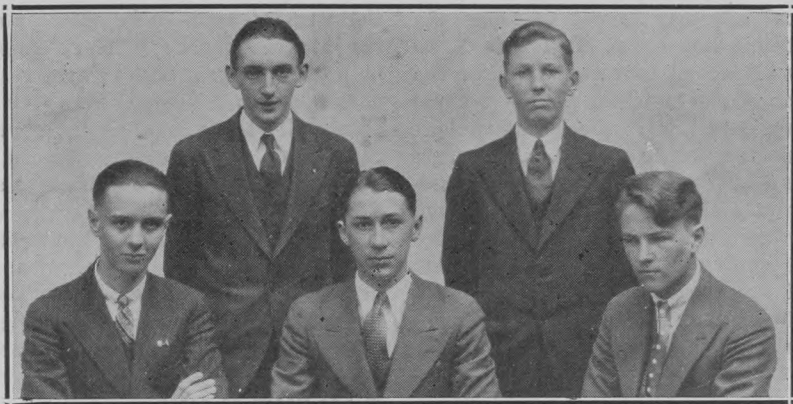
Although gone, the 1929-30 Council members have not forgotten their Alma Mater.

Recently a meeting of this body was called, and in the course of it a very important motion was unanimously passed. This was in brief, a motion to call together the councils of the past five years with a view to forming a permanent Alumni Association of the D.M.C.I.

The great value of such an organization, to both ex-student and present-day pupil, can readily be seen. Not only will the fellowship enjoyed during a school career be prolonged, but the social life of the school may be enriched. In proof we point to some of the "Alumni Associations" of Eastern High Schools and the good derived from them.

Here, it is hoped by all concerned, is the foundation of a long desired organization which will help to hold students and their predecessors in closer bonds of friendship.

Those in attendance at this meeting were: Ex-Pres. Pearl Fleming, Irene Fieldhouse, Winnie Lea, Miss M. Dowler, Miss Anderson, Mr. A. C. Campbell, Mr. D. Forsyth, Mr. C. G. Cooke, and R. D. Bradshaw.



SCHOLARSHIP AND MEDAL WINNERS

Standing—John Holmes, Norman Christie.
Sitting—Clair Hammill, Norman Peterson, Munroe Dale.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S MEDAL

The students of the Daniel McIntyre offer their sincerest congratulations to Munroe Dale, who has been awarded the Governor-General's medal for the year 1929-30.

After having established himself as an honor student at the Principal Sparling School, Munroe came to the Daniel McIntyre. During his three years with us he took part in many activities, in addition to making a fine record in his academic subjects. He was sport's captain of his Grade X Class; was on the track team twice as a distance runner; played on the championship basketball team of 1930; took a principal part in the opera, "Pirates of Penzance"; and was business manager of the "Breezes."

At present Munroe is continuing his education at the University of Manitoba. We wish him every success.

IMPERIAL ORDER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE SCHOLARSHIPS

Norman Peterson was a student at Daniel McIntyre for a year and a half. He was president of his class

in Grade X, 1929-1930. Returning to the Daniel McIntyre in January, 1930, he spent only six months in Grade XI, at the end of which time he qualified for the first I.O.D.E. scholarship by which he was enabled to enter the University last October. We extend to him our congratulations and best wishes for future success.

John Holmes, winner of a second I.O.D.E. scholarship, is a graduate of the Daniel McIntyre. He received his early education in the Winnipeg public schools and came to Daniel McIntyre for his Grade X and XI. During those two years he proved himself to be an excellent scholar and we know that he will live up to his reputation at University. We wish him all success in his college career.

CLAIR HAMMILL

As a result of last year's Grade XI examination an Isbister scholarship was brought to the school by Clair Hammill. Ever since his arrival at the Daniel McIntyre from the Isaac Brock, Clair has maintained a regularly high average, and his winning of this scholarship comes as a fitting reward for his academic work. Clair's

school interests do not lie along the academic line alone. In Grade X he was "Breezes" representative for the room, while in Grade XI he became vice-president of his class as well as a member of the opera cast. This year Clair was appointed to the business staff in the school magazine and, as a member of it, fulfilled his office with skill and competence. With his past successes in view, we may well wish Clair every success as he continues his studies.

NORMAN CHRISTIE

Last year the scholarship offered to Manitoba high school students by the Colorado School of Mines was won by Norman Christie of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute. Graduating from the Isaac Brock School in 1928, Norman entered Grade XA of the Collegiate. During that term and

the term of 1930-31, he was a member of the school's primary basketball team, which won the inter-high championship. During his year in Grade XI, he took an active part in the school opera and succeeded in gaining a place on the track team. This year Norman played on our champion curling team. Throughout his three years at the Collegiate he has maintained a consistently good average in his studies. The students offer their heartiest congratulations to Norman and wish him every success in the years to come.

Mr. Oliver—"Didn't I tell you to be prepared with your History lesson—and here you are unable to repeat a word of it."

Bond—"I didn't think it was necessary, sir; I've always heard History repeats itself."

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EXAMINATION SUPPLEMENTS

Students who have supplements from June Grades XI and XII examinations, may prepare for the December examinations in their spare time by means of our home-study courses. This method gives you ample practice in writing examination papers.

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GRADUATING CLASSES

Seniors

GRADE XII

ROOM 58, D.M.C.I., Winnipeg

Dear Mellow-students:

We know that you have been anxiously and expectantly anticipating one of our much cherished and longed-for letters, in which you can read "what's what" and "hoo's hoo" in Room 58, past, present and future. And now that the ever-desired epistle has been created, we herewith publish it, setting a good example to Juniors and Seniors alike.

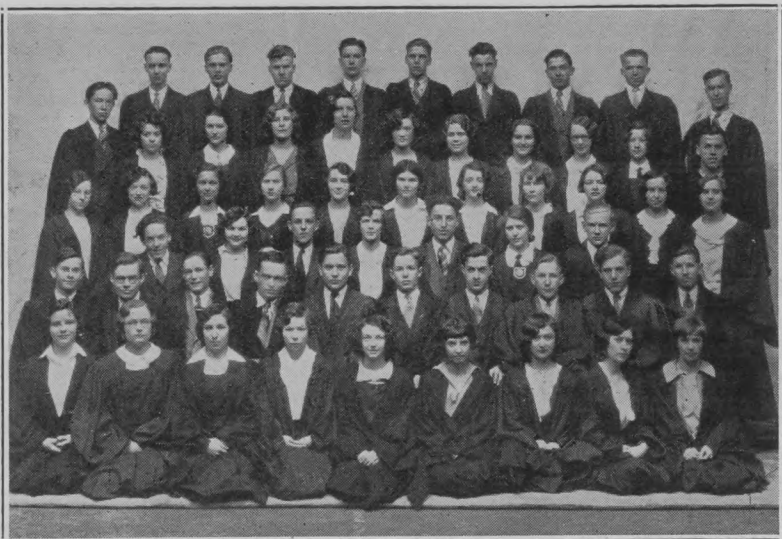
Up one long flight of stairs, to the left, around the corner, at the end of the hall, there are a few long, long rows of green-faced lockers with black metal handles and locks. At the end of one of these rows there is a little door, from which never an ungainly sound escapes, and beyond which all is silent and good. (Well, at any rate, silent.) This, kind reader, is that of which we are writing—Room 58, Grade XII.

Perchance you would like to hear of our elections? You would? Well then, listen! One day, many weeks ago, amid much bustle and noise, there crept to the front of the room, a lean, lank figure which tottered against the blackboard with upstretched hand, and began to scribble. Upon investigation the notice proved to be the names of our most worthy class officers. It read thus: President, Evelyn Hermiston; Vice-President, Dave McKay; Secretary, Magnus Johnson; Boys' Sports Captain, Henry Bradshaw; Girls' Sports Captain, Nancy Miller; Librarian, Edna Chapman; "Breezes"

Representative, Joe McCracken. Such was the outcome of our elections.

It would take far too long even to mention all the notables of our room (yes, Les. Ogilvie is one; a notable talker), so we will skip over a few names such as Edna Chapman, leading lady of the opera; Hazel Searle, Janet Kenner, and Joe McCracken who were also principals. Then there are Nancy Miller, council member; Wm. Blanchard, orchestra member and composer de luxe; and Gladys Smith, also an orchestra member. (These two in the same orchestra are enough, so we won't put in any more.)

But stay, friend! We shall limit our narrative to but a few more lines. Socially we have been very active; mentally?—well, as we were saying, our first party turned out to be a Wiener roast, hike, joy-ride, dance and masquerade, all combined, on which we were all well-entertained (i.e. fed.) under the auspices of Miss Nora Bennett & Co., Ltd. (Limited to our room.) Our next escapade was a skating party, quite a novelty, which, however, as far as skating was concerned, proved to be a flop—in fact, several of them. As compensation, we were kindly admitted to the home of Miss Muriel Helgason, where an enjoyable evening (and morning) was spent. Then we had a hike, to which everybody came, except Amby Potts who couldn't get carfare. This hike landed us up at Nancy Miller's residence, and you can guess what we did there. Later, owing to the generous hospitality of the David



MEMBERS OF ROOM 58, GRADE XII

- Back Row—R. Paul, C. Hammill, C. Jackson, E. Stefanson, E. Maguire, B. Hunter, L. Ogilvie, A. Lytle, J. Gutroy, G. Peacock.
- Fifth Row—G. Smith, J. Kenner, M. Evans, V. Baxter, M. Miller, M. Forsberg, M. Campbell, M. Craig, W. Simm, R. Brown.
- Fourth Row—R. Reade, M. Grimwood, F. Sadler, N. Bennett, D. Houston, U. Ross, E. Beck, M. Helgason, M. Knight, G. Lovering, B. Kuhn.
- Third Row—J. McCracken (Breezes Rep.), E. Chapman (Librarian), D. McKay (Vice-Pres.), E. Hermiston (Pres.), H. Bradshaw (Sports Capt.), N. Miller (Sports Capt.), M. Johnson (Sec.).
- Second Row—J. Pugh, A. Purdie, A. Wheatley, C. Skelly, T. Bell, H. Wallis, G. Solomon, H. Vanderveken, S. Anderson, N. Christie.
- Front Row—R. Miller, E. Burgess, I. Bain, J. Carter, H. Uram, M. Chapple, M. Denefeld, E. Monteith, L. Ashley.

Swail Co., we held a very enjoyable Tally-ho ride, after which we retired to Dave McKay's abode for refreshments, etc. Nearly everyone turned out from our room, including four horses. We hope to have more out at the next party. (No! Not horses.)

Well, reader, perchance we have bored thee soundly, but remember, try to live up to your grade twelve class, and follow in its footsteps. (You'll have plenty of room.) Copy our wags, and Heaven help you . . . we mean, bless you. Yours sincerely,

ROOM 58.

P.S. (Pos Stoffice)—We, the undersigned, hereby take it upon us to extend a vote of thanks to Miss Doupe,

our class teacher, for her considerate care of, and thoughtful kindness to her *dear* pupils during a most enjoyable school term.

JOYFUL FIFTY-EIGHT

It is nine bells ringing,
Fifty-eight! Fifty-eight!
And to school our way we're winging,
But we're late, just too late.
It is nine bells ringing,
And to school our way we're winging,
To be met by Norman's singing,
At the door of fifty-eight.

Oh, the second bell is clanging,
Fifty-eight! Fifty-eight!

And at Wallis' back we're banging,
 'Cause we're late, just too late.
 Oh, the second bell is clanging,
 And at Wallis' back we're banging,
 And late-comers now are ganging,
 At the door of fifty-eight.

Oh, the noon bell is sounding,
 Fifty-eight! Fifty-eight!
 And the students who are lounging
 Close their books to go and eat.
 Oh, the noon bell is sounding,
 And the students who are lounging,
 Soon will come a-bounding
 Through the door of fifty-eight.

It is four bells ringing,
 Fifty-eight! Fifty-eight!
 All the students' hearts are singing,
 Fifty-eight! Fifty-eight!
 It is four bells ringing,

All the students' hearts are singing,
 And their feet will soon be swining
 Through the door of fifty-eight.
 RALPH PAUL.

ROOM 53. XI A.

Due to our splendid achievements during the year we, Room 53, feel ourselves entitled to throw out our chests and add several flourishes to our renowned name.

As for individuals in the room, I need only mention a few names to inspire the whole school with awe, great names such as Grace Smith, the secretary of the School Council or Marion Erlendson who simply gobbles up the marks.

In the realm of arguing we excel. Our first debate led us against that seemingly invincible Grade XII, Room



MEMBERS OF ROOM 53, XI-A

Back Row—R. Barker, D. Burrell, E. Barnett, M. Mitchell, J. Scott, E. Grundy, B. Kennedy.
 Fourth Row—W. Martens, E. Saunders, M. Olsen, H. Hill, M. Leith, M. MacRae, M. Pincock, G. Dollard, A. Ellinthorpe, G. Gamble.
 Third Row—R. Raven (Sports Capt.), M. Bjornson (Pres.), Miss Anderson (Class teacher), H. Mitchell (Sec.), M. Marr (Vice-Pres.), R. Simpson (Librarian).
 Second Row—P. Palmason, I. Morrison, M. Vollrath, M. Erlendson, E. Massey, P. Hammill, H. Rindress, G. Johnston.
 Front Row—G. Smith, J. McFadyen, M. Harper, K. Gallagher, D. Reynolds, B. Teskey, M. McDonald, I. Pierce.

58. And who do you think won! 58? No. Take off your hats to 53. Against other Grade XI's we finally submitted to "19."

In music, our room is justly proud of Evelyn Bywater and Grace Smith, who played the parts of "Buttercup" and "Cousin Hebe" respectively in the H.M.S. Pinafore. Then, again, our room had the largest number of girls in the chorus. Thus, in music, we are an established fact.

But even the finest peacock has not such good feet. This is generally admitted. So, on memorable mornings throughout the year when perhaps the floor is littered with paper, or Miss Anderson stumbles over the week's supply of milk bottles, the rainbow-hued bubble bursts (I am afraid I have mixed my metaphors sadly). We are

crushed, discouraged, defeated, or something similar.

But dry your eyes. There is no finer room than "53" and when each of us takes her own course after graduation we shall look back with loving memories to our High School years.

The room has sustained a very great loss in the death of one of its finest members, Hazel Thompson. Hazel had come up through Junior High School and then into Senior High School, with many of us, and her name will find a warm place in our memories.

BETH KERR.

ROOM 52 XI B.

We had been visiting the senior rooms in the D.M.C.I. all morning and



ROOM 52, XI-B

Back Row—M. Grey, I. Nicholson, G. Heinonen, M. Crawford, T. Ross, M. Kelly, M. Miller, J. Fawdon, E. Thompson.

Third Row—J. Hempseed, M. Sexsmith, E. Hofley, M. Bremer, F. Swinford, H. Robb, B. Hoit, R. Watson, G. Johns, C. Hamlin.

Second Row—G. Phillips, H. Cummings, K. Newhouse, Miss Bucknam, B. Wilson, R. Kenner, D. Claydon, P. Porter.

Front Row—B. Williams, G. Mark, M. Beatty, E. Sinclair, D. Galusha, J. Hooper, N. Hawkins, M. McGregor.

Missing—B. Wyatt, J. Crerar, M. Duddles.

were becoming slightly bored when we reached the second floor. But then the outlook brightened. We had reached room No. 52. "52"—why did those figures seem to impress us so much? Oh! suddenly it dawned upon us—our cousins' girl friend's brother was 26 today and twice $26=52$. What a coincidence we thought, and considerably cheered, we entered.

Ah! here at last was a room with life in it. As it was English period, essays were being read. "Margaret," said the teacher, "read your essay." "Well, I left it at home." "What was your essay about, Margaret?" "Gr, uh, the monotony of being good," was the answer. And looking at Margaret, we laughed up our sleeve to think of

her, being bored by such a rare indulgence. We had enjoyed ourselves so much that we decided to remain during the next period, which proved to be Chemistry. During the lesson the teacher asked, "Now students, what metal has great attraction for gold?" and when he received the answer, "Alimony," from one student, whom we afterwards learned is called Genevieve, we could no longer suppress our mirth. Looking at the clock, we realized we must drag ourselves away as we had many more rooms to visit. We were so bright and cheerful now, the students in the following rooms must have wondered why. But then they had not been visiting in Room 52.



ROOM 19, XI-C

Back Row—Norris Belton, J. Spiers, J. Dalton, M. Bond, D. Stuckey, C. Kerr, J. Mowatt, H. Robinson, D. Henry.

Fourth Row—C. Shill, D. Hamilton, G. Beresford, D. Gibson, T. Brandson, R. Turner, J. Nicholl, J. Strong, G. Duff, A. Wolfman.

Third Row—W. Hea, J. McInnes, M. Ruddell, V. Finlay, H. Hammell, S. Sigurdson, A. Grant, B. Ellis, J. Munsie.

Second Row—H. Hammell, C. Brusegard (Breezes Rep.), K. Pidgeon (Sports Capt.), G. McHeau (Pres.), Mr. Duncan (Class Teacher), S. Braid (Vice-Pres.), J. Webster (Sec.), E. Barter, A. Diner.

Front Row—B. Malcolm, B. Moir, R. Powell, M. Hea, M. Pound, G. Murray, B. Bandeen. Missing—R. Ransby.

ROOM 19

As philosopher of Room 19, I shall endeavor to expose the daring exploits of this room. The government is composed of:

Gusby McLean, President.
 Sadly Braid, Vice-President.
 Jake Webster, Secretary.
 Pen Pidgeon, Sports Captain.
 John Dultin, Librarian.
 Mainly Bond, Council representative.

Cecilia Brusegard, Breezy Boy.

As to social activities of Room 19, we firmly believe that they overshadow the untiring efforts in quest of learning. However, we held a weiner roast in September; Room 53, hearing of it, came with all their brothers and sisters—devoured the “weenies” and had indigestion. Mr. Duncan conducted an X-Ray class and finally we started for home. On the way home (9.30) we counted the miniature golf courses.

Our room was well represented in the Opera even though they couldn't sing (they danced). In Sports we were unfortunate as the referee never favored us. Yet, we are honored by having in our room, McTavish (Tim McCoy), who ran the 100 yards in 9½ seconds at the D.M.C.I. field day.

In the “dialectic” contests Room 19 won both its debates—the first team under Ron Turner and Jack Carmichael—the second, under Gordon McLean and Nora Belton, who debated against Room 53 and emerged victoriously. (The judges weren't bribed.)

Among the notorious characters in the room are: Sweet Murray Lea, Belton and Schiltz (the “Fuller Brush” men), Stucce the Glue man, Pidgeon and Brandson the Canaries, Red Nosed Hammel the Booser, Fagan the Viper, Weak Willy Malcolm, Leighton Roobson Subway Sadie, Brusegard and Grant (the inimitable pair), the Thief (unknown) who steals all the chalk.

However, on the whole we have a bright room (we're on the sunny side of the school.) We sincerely hope that the teachers can put up with us till June. (Exeunt)

CECIL BRUSEGARD.

ROOM 18

On September 1st, we, the hoary inhabitants of Daniel McIntyre, tottered along the halls gaping blankly at several teachers standing on chairs, having a competition to decide for the benefit of all concerned who could read names most audibly. We despaired of success so finally stole sly glances at their waving lists, then studied school geography until we rediscovered from the silent seclusion of its two months' holiday, that collection of walls, ceilings, floors, and appertaining apparatus known to the world in general as Room 18.

A few weeks later we held class elections, as is usual in such cases, said elections producing the following results:

President—B. Loadman.
 Vice-President—I. Cousens.
 Secretary—I. Sinclair.
 Sports Captain—D. O'Brien.
 Librarian—S. Buckler.
 Breezes Representative—W. Smith.

Through the efforts of our highly-paid political machine, Sydney Cohen was elected a member of the Senior Council, and then refused us any graft. Gross ingratitude, “we calls it.” Twelve of our number (it was really 13, but that's unlucky n'est-ce pas?) took part in the Opera, and the aforementioned Syd Cohen graced the Captain's part with his portly personage.

At present we (that is, we of the marvellous voices) are practising for the Musical Festival, and are the one ray of hope in an otherwise dismal musical-outlook (for further commendation apply to Miss Kinley). So far we have won no room sports cham-



ROOM 18, XI-D

Back Row—A. Pfeffer, M. Neill, F. Hall, W. McFetridge, F. Watkins, L. Bowen, D. Jones, O. Smith, F. McNeely.
 Fourth Row—C. McDonald, E. Wilson, D. Brereton, R. Quarnstrom, H. Ludman, J. Sunley, T. Cottier, C. Braunstein, W. Mooney.
 Third Row—J. Carmichael, K. Muir, T. Morrison, G. Wither, L. Thompson, S. Constantino, B. Clague, W. Hall, W. Jarrett.
 Second Row—S. Cohen, D. O'Brien (Sports Capt.), B. Loadman (Pres.), J. Cousens (Vice-Pres.), I. Sinclair (Sec.), S. Buckler, W. Smith (Breezes Rep.).
 First Row—A. Laberge, H. Webb, R. Smith, R. Hooper, C. Lorrimer, G. Pincock, A. Hoffman.

pionships but we are studious laddies, aren't we? (A voice from the back of the hall—"Oh yeah?") However, with such budding stars as Hoffman and Pincock we still have a chance.

W.S.

In Memory
 of
GORDON CAMPBELL
 our classmate 1929-30-31
 who died May 10, 1931

ROOM 51

The girls of our room must have musical ability, for more than half the room were represented in the Opera, one principal, Ethyl Doig, and others

in the chorus. We have four girls clever in the terpsichorean art, as is witnessed by the fact that they "tripped the light fantastic" between acts in the aforesaid Opera.

Many people may be surprised that the business and executive ability of a senior council member could be found in such a petite person as our charming Alice Parr.

The girls were extremely sorry to have lost the affirmative argument of their debate, "Resolved that Corporal Punishment should be Abolished," to the clever males in Room 19. However, it is clearly understood that such a painful subject would necessarily be unsuited to the delicate mechanism of young and innocent girls.



ROOM 51

Back Row—M. Scammell, S. Divinsky, A. Daniels, M. Spevach, I. Hallgrimson, J. Wainwright, E. Gibbs, M. Marshall, E. Doig.

Fourth Row—E. McInnes, I. Rafferty, A. Johnstone, R. Gardner, L. Cannem, P. Sonnett, A. Downey, E. Wray.

Third Row—D. Beattie, V. Kelly, M. Morden, E. Smith, J. Smith, M. Jagger, F. White, N. Young, H. Carroll, M. Clark.

Second Row—E. Eyford (Breezes Rep.), E. Rutherford (Sec.), V. Bradley (Pres.), H. Thielman, Mr. Oliver, M. McPherson (Vice-Pres.), B. Dunsmore (Sports Capt.), M. Gray (Librarian).

Front Row—E. Moore, I. Lawrence, E. Riley, D. Cassidy, M. Pepper, J. Ross, A. Parr, I. Webb.

After the gloom of the above "extract," we are proud to add that we came first on field day. We must now end our literary attempt with the mention of an extremely lively class party. We should very much dislike to have other students remain in ignorance of the fact that Room 51 is possessed of a sense of fun and the ability to make "Whoopie!!!"

Class Officers:

President—Velma Bradley.

Vice-President—Mary McPherson.

Secretary—Evelyn Rutherford.

Sports Captain—Beverley.

Librarian—Margaret Gray.

Breezes Representative—Elva Eyford.

E.E.

ROOM 25

Room 25 is one of the peripatetic groups of our school family. When at home, our smiling faces brighten the Chemistry Lab; but as we have no desks, and our lockers are far away, we are generally in a state of migration. In our itinerary we sojourn in many different rooms. This mode of existence has developed in us a cosmopolitan attitude of mind. We are at home wherever we lay down our books. Speaking of books reminds us that it has been mildly insinuated that we occasionally export more than we import. One look at our guileless faces should convince the most casual observer that circumstantial evidence is a very insufficient source of proof.



ROOM 25

Back Row—H. Lowden, B. Clements, G. Urquhart, B. Garvin, L. Holmes, H. Allan, E. Brown.

Third Row—M. Bellingham, H. Clevenger, V. Milledge, E. Hodgson, K. Smith, H. Malcolm, A. Smith, R. Noble.

Second Row—G. Stephenson, I. Harris, A. Wright, M. Carmichael, B. Winder, E. McCaw, M. Lough, J. Baird.

Front Row—G. Carroll, H. Searle (Sports Capt.), G. Crayston (Sports Capt.), Mr. McCabe (Teacher), E. Sutton (Pres.), H. Johnston (Vice-Pres), M. MacMillan (Breezes Rep.).

Missing—A. Lamont, E. Swaffield (Sec.-Treas.), S. Burns.

The room displayed its waggish wisdom in electing its officers as follows: Earl Sutton, president; Eleanor Swaffield, secretary-treasurer; George Crayston, boys' sports captain; Hazel Searle, girls' sports captain.

Did not our friend Shakespeare commend one who found "books in running brooks, sermons in stones?" To test this theory we paid Mother Nature a visit one evening in September. It took the form of a weiner roast and, thanks to the dogs, it was a howling success. The cars bore up well; in other words, very few flat tires were present.

M. MacMILLAN.

ROOM 14

As historian of this loud, clamorous, high-sounding, boisterous, turbulent, impetuous, disorderly, tumultuous, outrageous and most atrocious class (i.e. we are noisy), I hereby announce, publish, declare, enumerate, make known, and otherwise promulgate and proclaim, the class officers. (Pardon this bombasticity and grandiloquence.) Grand Illustrious Potentate—Vernon Leatherdale; Assistant All-Powerful—Frank Thorolfson; Grand Scribe—Joe Benson; Director of Athleticism—Jack Carmichael; Chief Litterateur—Harold (H.C.) Tucker, N.B. (The main

malt in our whisky was put down in 1907.)

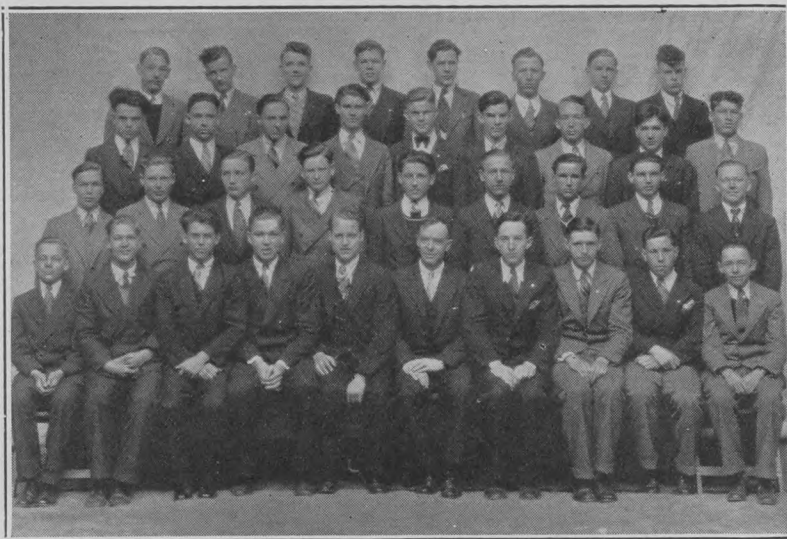
As usual, we cleaned up in school activities. Five members of Room 14 are puck-chasers on the D.M.C.I. team, and four others were prominent in H.M.S. Pinafore.

Nor did our social activities suffer in any way during this period of mental stagnation (this term). To begin with, Room 51 invited us to accompany them to the wilds of the Assiniboia district for the purpose of assimilating, digesting, devouring, and other wise destroying wieners. Of course we went and nous nous sommes amuses bien. Next, Room 52 requested the pleasure of our presence on a similar escapade. On this occasion things didn't go quite so well, as the wieners got mixed. If you can imagine the

delightfully appetizing flavor of a nice black cigar, liberally coated with mustard and embedded in a crisp, brown, roll, or mentally experience the choice pleasure of inhaling the aromatic fragrance of a smouldering wiener, you will realize what a wonderful time we had.

Of course the monotony of class routine is occasionally broken by more or less exciting events. For example, just before Christmas we found ourselves face to face with the horrors of a P.T. exam. However, much to our regret some person unknown (?) put an extra lock on the door of the apparatus room. Needless to say we boiled over with rage at the prospect of foregoing this exquisite form of entertainment.

In conclusion we wish to thank our



ROOM 14, XI-G

Back Row (from Left to Right)—H. Trott, H. Blanchett, G. Hinds, B. Goodman, H. McRae, R. Lozo, W. Riley, L. Sherwood.

Third Row—J. Jackson, B. Striouski, F. Riggall, R. Sellors, W. Forsberg, B. Sails, H. Crosbie, J. Freed, K. Bayley.

Second Row—M. Tully, S. Fokkett, L. Lewis, J. Harrison, G. Palmer, R. Sutton, R. Steinbart, B. Rutherford, G. Johnson.

Front Row—B. McLeod, J. Copeland, J. Carmichael (Sports Capt.), F. Thorolfson (Vice-Pres.), V. Leatherdale (Pres.), Mr. Florence (Class Teacher), J. Benson (Sec.), H. Tucker (Breezes Rep.), R. Knowland, I. McLeod.

worthy instructors for their untiring efforts with this very assiduous and inimitable class. We mean to graduate in June, providing we are not plucked beforehand.

For further information, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and we shall be pleased to steam off the stamp.

H.C.T.
W.V.R.

ROOM 22

Ah bane coom from Roome 22. We are I gud roome. We make a president cause teecheer say so; nise boy! hiz name Ernie Hallat. We got sekra-

tary 2; he sooch a nise boy we make him "monee keeper" to. Hiz naim is L. Sampson. Yahssu, we got vice president, "Kobold," tallest boy in are roome sure "hi classs attraction." By golly I dun forgot dat de presadent of the skool in are roome to, Yo-sure, Bill Hanna.

Bill Main, J. Tomes, B. Ashcroft, V. Taylor all play basketball on thi school teems.

Wee also got a stamp klub in de roome wit Mr. Johannesson as adviser.

Well I no like to rite so I say goot bye. I tink wer the best Roome in schoole.

R.O.B.



MEMBERS OF ROOM 22, XI-H

Back Row—Victor Taylor, Ernie Towson, Bruce Evans, Lloyd Nock, Jack Henley, Jack Tomes, Reg. Hobday, Robert Owen.

Third Row—Harvey Johnson, Alex Ferworn, Dick Scott, Harry Metzack, Vincent McMahon, James Dott, Bruce Ashcroft, Elmer Axford.

Second Row—Walter Evans, Delmer Kidd, Arthur Weber, Elsie Kreycik, Lorna Robinson, Elsie Frye, Aubrey Hall, Norman Milne, Irving Young.

Front Row—William Hanna William Main (Sports Capt.), Norman Blackie (Librarian), Mr. Johannesson, Ernie Hallatt (Pres.), Leonard Sampson (Sec.), Edward Kobold (Vice-Pres.).

Missing—Margaret Miller, Robert Bradshaw, Elsie Boutillier, Wallace Moore.

ROOM 7

Well, folks, as we all know you are simply perishing to hear the latest news of the famous Room 7, we will begin without further delay.

Our class officers are as follows: Nora Edwards, president; Helen Miller, vice-president; Taxie McArthur, secretary; Emily Baker, sports captain; Peggy McKay, librarian; and Vera Packman, Breezes representative.

Now permit me to introduce a few of our wise—and otherwise—pupils.

1. Nora Edwards—our brilliant warbler who took a leading part in

the opera, and of whom we are mighty proud.

2. Taxie McArthur—the human question-box and latecomer.

3. Margaret Laing—the girl with a thousand faces.

Last, but not least, we have our champion gum-chewers, homework borrowers and pests, as all classes do.

Space does not permit us to convince you of our amazing dexterity.

And now, to be exceedingly serious, Room 7 wishes to thank its teachers for their patience and coaching during the year. To the pupils we say, "May you all be as successful as we hope to be in the coming exams."

V.P.



ROOM 7, XI-J

Back Row—M. Archer, C. Scott, J. McFarlane, H. Young, I. Jardine, D. McDonald, I. Sudds, I. Murison.

Third Row—A. Sammons, O. Morantz, A. Neufeld, M. Connor, P. McCaughy, M. Laing, K. Garrow, E. Grimsey

Second Row—B. Hoffman, K. Blostein, E. Martin, J. Hooey, B. Lawrie, E. Gerrard, H. Johnstone, T. McLean, S. Black.

Front Row—V. Packman (Breezes Rep.), H. Miller (Vice-Pres.), N. Edwards (Pres.), Mr. Forsyth (Class Teacher), T. McArthur (Sec.), E. Baker (Sports Capt.), P. McKay (Librarian), E. Brickley.

Missing—M. Gray, M. Mackay.



MEMBERS OF ROOM 47, GRADE XIX

Back Row—Bessie Douglas, Betty Rollins, Grace Taylor, Lily Richardson, Esther Hudson, Evelyn Piper.

Third Row—Kathleen Perry, Catherine Cameron, Gwen Bergman, Nellie Moodie, Jean Murray, Lillian Moody, Lily Cook.

Second Row—Ellen Goodman, Eleanor Drevant, Muriel Murray, Mabel Cheater, Rhoda Mattinson (Librarian), Grace McClellan, Edith Yates.

Front Row—Gertrude Walker, Margaret Russell (Breezes Rep.), Mary Hubert (Pres.), Evelyn Thickson (Sports Capt.), Anna Johannesson (Vice-Pres.), Esther Bremner (Sec.), Ethel Tottle, Maud Ham.

ROOM 47-11K

Mary Hubert, our new Class President,

In her position she'll surely be competent.

Dot Young was our class President,
But now with us she's no longer resident.

Esther Bremner, our schoolroom Sec.,
In work she's always up to the neck.

Nellie Moodie's a worthy sports leader,
But in History it's easy to beat her.

Margaret Russell, our Breezes Rep.,

She has a fine voice and she sure can step.

Maud Ham, a quiet little child,
Never excited and never gets wild.

Grace Taylor, in Shorthand's a flunk,
But in Science she's anything but punk.

Lily Richardson is tall and thin
And in typing she's sure to win.

Bessie Douglas is an athletic lass,
But in Shorthand she's not so fast.

Evelyn and Muriel are very good friends,

The teachers get mixed because
they're like twins.

Lillian Moody, parked in the front
seat,

In arithmetic she can't be beat.

Anna Johannesson has dimpled cheeks
And smiles upon each one she meets.

Ellen Goodman, our Helen Kane
singer,

When she boop-boop-a-doops we all
want to linger.

Essie, Evelyn and Edith are always
together,

Their friendship you cannot sever.

Ethel Tottle, a conscientious worker,
Has never been known as a class-
room shirker.

Gertrude Walker is very petite,
And in her dress she's always neat.

Betty Rollins, a giggly lass,
In History we doubt if she'll pass.

Grace McClellan is quite an adviser,
But when she's finished we're little
the wiser.

Jean and Cathie like to talk
And some day they're gonna get
caught.

Lily Cook is our opera dancer,
But in class she doesn't always
answer.

Eleanor Drevant, our champion typist,
And for a friend she's one of the
nicest.

Gwen Bergman is plump and sweet,
Just the type you'd like to meet.

Kay Perry in work and in play
Does her best from day to day.

Mabel Cheater, it's hard to find
What really is her favorite line.

Rhoda Matheson does not shirk,
She always does every bit of her
work.

Vera Parry is very bright,
She does her homework every night.

(Miss Douglas is known throughout
the school

For making us keep the Golden Rule.)

In sports our volleyball teams came
out on top of all Grade XI's.

Our debaters have been doing ex-
ceptionally well and are now in the
finals.

We had quite a number of girls in
the opera. Also a few of our girls
were in the dancing.

In memory of our beloved
classmate, Dorothy Reith, who
passed away on Dec. 11, 1930.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow
fade,

Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven con-
veyed,
And bade it blossom there.

ROOM 24

Radio Station DMCI now brings
to you Room 24, their chief announcer
being Douglas Philips, presenting his
annual talk on the "History of Room
24."

The Company was formed Septem-
ber 4, in the year 1930. The first
step was the election of the Com-
pany's officers, which resulted as fol-
lows:

Douglas Philips, President, who is
to be complimented on his oratory.

Myfie Jones, Vice-President, who
is commonly known as "Muvvy."

Audrey Coleman, Secretary, whose
voice at the games leads us on to
victory (hockey games?).

Neil Cooper is our Breezy editor.

In the ranks of sports you have all
heard of us, capably led by Audrey

Harwood and Norman Norrie. Audrey and her "pal," Peggy Scott, have pushed their way over the volley-ball net. Norman, the all-round boy, shines in all sports.

Then, of course, you have all seen tricky "Little" Bennie on the ice in our hockey attempts. Bennie does other things, too, folks.

Introducing William Taylor now, representing the all-round athlete.

Splash! Here comes Fred Carter, who will now give his short talk on "How to Swim."

Another important item on our program is Bert Gallop in "Skates First."

These are just some of the highlights in our sports, but the others you witnessed on Field Day.

The Company members were given a brief holiday to rest their weary

minds after the first four months of their history. When work was again resumed, many of the partners turned their attentions to oratorical work, in which outstanding ability was shown. Among the notables in this work are Myfie Jones and Murray Samson, Douglas Philips and Charles Stewart, Audrey Coleman and Leslie Lutes.

When H.M.S. Pinafore sailed into port our company was ably represented by George Murray, who played the part of Captain and he was a "right good captain, too." And we must not forget Murray Samson's "minor" part.

Although all the history of the Twenty-fourth Company is up to date, its duties will continue. Room 24 is now signing off. So long, folks!



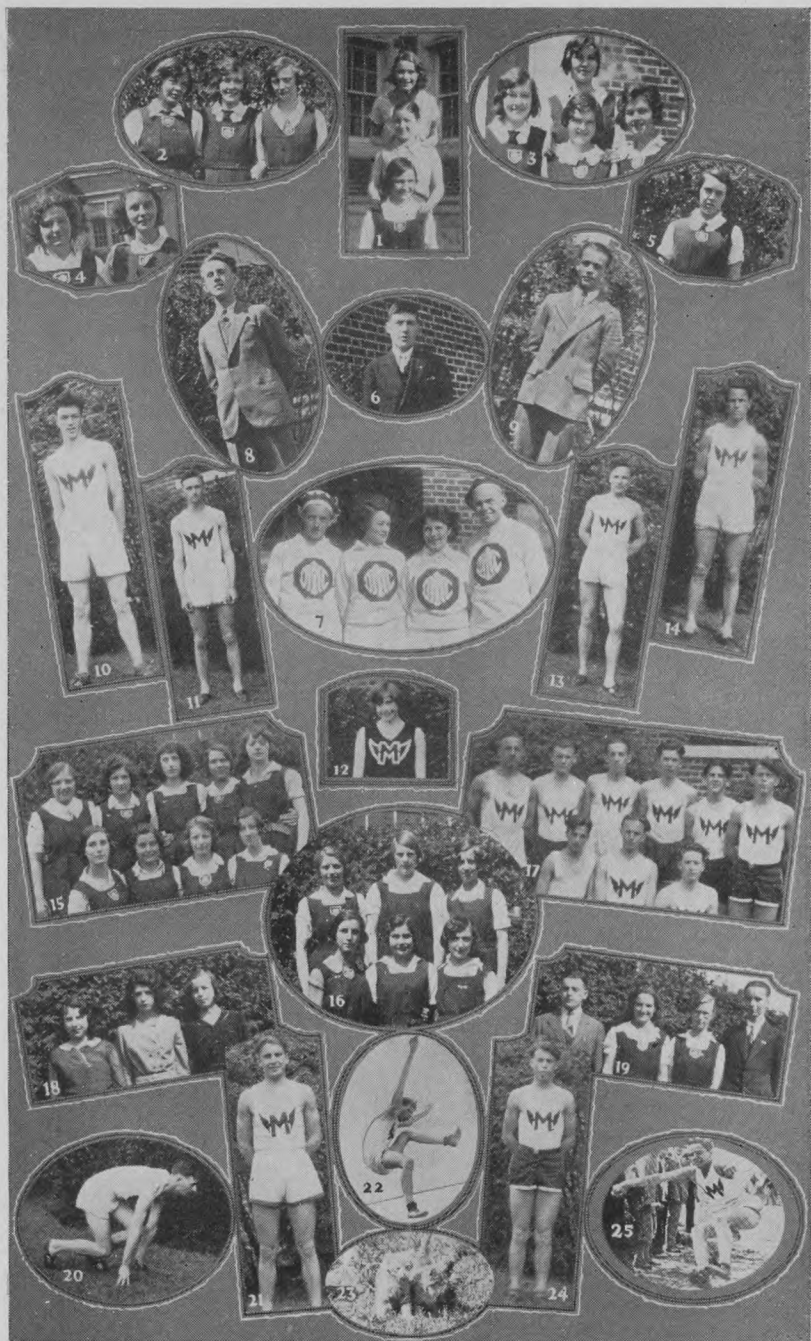
ROOM 24, XI-L

Back Row—F. Carter, J. Thomson, F. White, B. Gallop, A. Hutchings, J. Adams.

Third Row—W. Taylor, B. Hunter, M. Samson, C. Stewart, J. Koslowsky, G. Slutsky.

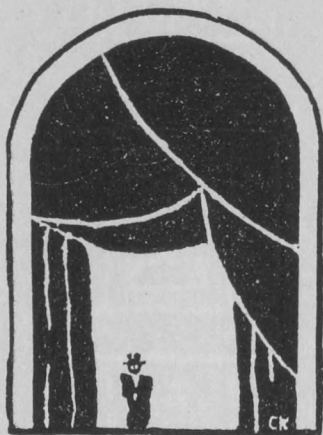
Second Row—W. Malenchuk, C. MacLennan, A. Lecker, M. Thomson, P. Ruxton, M. Moyse, A. Harwood (Girls' Sports Capt.), B. Glusman.

Front Row—N. Cooper (Breezes Rep.), D. Philips (Pres.), A. Coleman (Sec.), Mrs. Elliott, Myfie Jones (Vice-Pres.), N. Norrie (Boys' Sports Capt.), L. Lutes.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Winners and Finalists Manitoba Musical Festival, 1931; 7, School Cheer Leaders; 8, E. Gilles, Staff Artist; 9, R. Turner, Valedictorian; 10 to 14, Inter-High Field Day Winners—10, N. Anderson (record Junior $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile); 11, W. Taylor (record 220-Yards, Junior); 12, G. Johns (record 75 Yards); 13, B. Gallop (winner Senior $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile and Mile); 14, A. Pfeffer (record Intermediate Running Broad Jump); 15 and 17, Winners in events Inter-High Field Day; 16, Girls' Sports Organizers; 18, Breezes' Sales Committee; 19, Winners Breezes' Advertising Competition; 20, 22, 23, in Action on Field Day; 21, R. Heide, Track Team Captain; 24, J. Carmichael, won "Flying M" four times this year; 25, Our Mascots.

Juniors



During the Fall term the Advisory Committee of The Breezes announced a competition for Junior class magazines. Thirteen classes made an admirable response. The competition was keen and much originality, literary and artistic talent was shown. The judges, comprising five senior members of The Breezes staff, awarded the honors to The Static of Room 55. Chit Chat of Room 56 was awarded second place, while The Breezette of Room 13 was a close third. The Old Maid's Pamphlet of Room 21, The Zephyr of Room 8, The Voice of Room 15, The Record of 49, Noozy of 12, The Upper Ten, The Howler of 48, and the Jack Rabbit of 46 all received Honorable Mention.

Space does not permit us to give more than a few excerpts from these magazines; but to let you judge for yourself the success of this venture, "we will draw the curtain and show you the picture."

Mr. Knox—"Why does lightning never strike twice in the same place?"

"Huh," says Ken, "it never needs to."

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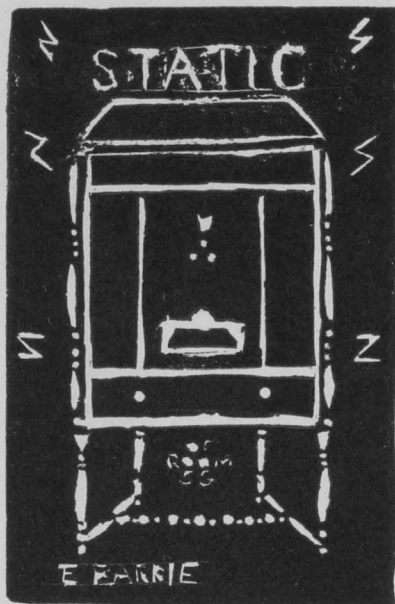
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“THE STATIC OF ROOM 55”

Krrackk! Spitzz!

It is with the greatest pleasure that I announce the coming of Station S T A T I C upon the ether.

All year we have been plunged into a whirlwind of Sports, Competitions, Debates, Plays, etc. I think we may claim a singular distinction in our “What’s What” column alone. Imagine having the president of the Junior Council, the treasurer of the Junior Choral Society, and the captain of the Junior Volleyball Team all in one room! And if you had peered into the deep pages of our “Static” you would have encountered a long list of poets, authors and artists.

Please keep off the subject of Debates, for it spoils the digestions of the two crushed wall-flowers that were our team!

But the plays! Both the English and French were enough to make even Ziegfeld himself sit up. Val Cook, as Olivia, was what Shakespeare would have termed “a riot,” and les

Messieurs Dupont were incorrigible—I mean incomparable.

You are to enjoy these few moments of delightful “blah” through the courtesy of The Breezes staff.

FEEDING OUR STATUES

In writing this article, I should like to explain to the reader that for some time, after the lunch hour, there have been “sacrifices,” such as old shoes and waste paper, placed in the hands of our statues.

The Winnipeg Central High School, now rebuilt and named the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, collected in various ways a number of beautiful statues and pictures.

One day, while walking down the hall, I chanced to perceive a young lady, clad in marble, about to devour an old shoe. I appeal to your finer senses: Is this the way to nourish a

thing so lovely? How many vitamins are contained in a dry orange-peel, rather the worse for exposure?

Our modern age may care little for such artistic things, it is admitted, but surely we can appreciate that which is passed down to us by art-loving people.

MARGARET PATERSON.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

Miriam Fulton is the president of our class,

When we chose her we did nothing rash.

Madeline McPhail lost her kilt
But, Tommy, don't cry over milk
that's spilt.

Jean Burdett is our “Captain of Sport”;

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We all wish there were more of her sort.

Val Cook, from Monday to Friday
Keeps Room 55 looking neat and tidy.

Margaret Paterson's our literary worker;
She's right on the job, for she's not a shirker.
—M. P. and E. B.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

Last year we had a wonderful summer, heat and rain causing beautiful flowers to bloom in the smallest gardens. Nasturtiums and hollyhocks, intermingled with sweet peas and dahlias, made a riot of color. The grass was green and the sun warm; you thought then that never was there a time more lovely.

Autumn came: Gradually the leaves became a rich yellow and the berries ripened into deep red. A long walk in the woods portrayed tall trees massed with yellow and a thick carpet of leaves underfoot. Fresh snappy mornings greeted you on your way to school.

But after a few days of rather depressing rain, the work-a-day world left its gray, drab surroundings, to become a veritable fairyland. Crystal trees lined the boulevards and the grass had little diamonds twinkling rainbow colors in the sun. But that did not last; one morning soft snow had covered the world like a white velvet cloak. Everything was quiet and wonderful.

Then came Christmas; lights twinkled from Christmas trees, both within and without. Rose Fyleman ex-

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ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER

pressed very aptly last year's display:

"Christmas trees lit up at night
With little balls of colored light,
As pretty as you please."

After Christmas we expected the usual Prairie winter, but it did not come. Mild weather has prevailed most of the year 1931. Already the days are lengthening, and buds are unable to keep their emerald brilliance hidden any longer. Lilacs will put forth conicals of mauve and white, scenting the fresh Spring air. Even now bulbs are blooming in windows, for the Canadian winter will not allow early spring blossoms to cover the ground.

"Winter, summer, spring or fall,
Which is fairest of them all?"

MARGARET PATERSON.

Give to me the life I love
And let the books go by me.
Give the moonlight up above,
And the roadster by me.

E. LEWIS.

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW

Can any human mind foresee
What life in this old world will be
Twenty years from now?

Can anyone the future scan
Of Daniel Mac, both maid and man
Twenty years from now?

Will teachers then be still the pests
Who give to us their little tests,
Twenty years from now?

Will Nancy Miller be M.D.
Prescribing pills for you and me
Twenty years from now?

Will Joe Macracken act the fool
And Tommy Bell be teaching school
Twenty years from now?

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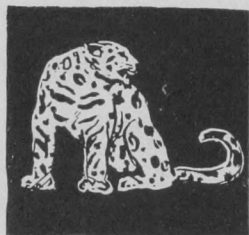
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**A
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M HURTIG**

383 PORTAGE AVENUE

Will Gladys S. be just as sweet
And Henry Bradshaw have big feet,
Twenty years from now?

Will the Editor still be begging pieces
To swell the pages of the "Breezes"
Twenty years from now?

Will flappers still pyjamas wear
And Easter marks be low, yea rare,
Twenty years from now?

With thought of marks I leave this
task
But will these things be so, I ask,
Twenty years from now?

A.P.

Sinclair's Dad—"This is very unsat-
isfactory. You have six failures. I'm
not at all pleased.

Sinclair—"I told Mr. Fyles you
wouldn't be but he wouldn't alter it."

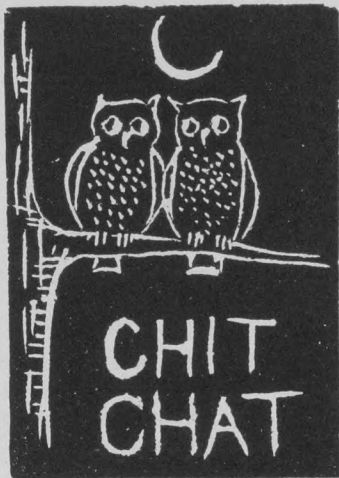
A SMILE

A smile will always cheer you
When you are lonesome and sad,
It will always help please you,
And make you happy and glad.

When on Life's road you travel,
And your mind is loaded with
care,
Just smile to help unravel
The problems you have to bear.

If you're in the habit of smiling,
Your face will be easy to wear,
And you will not be so tiring
To the one who thinks naught of
care.

RUTH PAUL, 56.



WISHING

A Student's Thoughts

Gettin' up every morning,
 Gettin' dressed between yawns;
 Oh! the thoughts you're formin'
 Of that school with nice green
 lawns!

Thoughts of how cozy you'd be
 Lyin' in bed asleep,
 Make you wish education
 Was buried in the deep.

Five long days of study,
 Doin' the same at night;
 Then Saturday comes a-dawnin'
 And you jump out of bed with de-
 light.

ISOBEL COSTIGAN, 56.

ROOM 56

Things of Which We Are Proud

First, our president, Marilla Wea-
 ger, and vice-president, Margaret Da-
 vis. Hazel Rigg, who looked fairly
 honest, was elected secretary-treas-
 urer. Betty Dodds is our librarian
 and Breezes representative. Last,
 but not least, our sports captain, Jes-
 sie Nall, who, even if she is small,
 knows what to do with the ball when

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she gets it. She pulled us through all our baseball games successfully and, so far, our basketball. We may have lost two games of volleyball, but we won one. We were in the final debates and our class paper received second place. Greta Neal had the highest P.T. marks in the school and Margaret Davis is vice-president of the Junior Glee Club.

Miss Smith, thinking we were studying too hard, said a tally-ho would do us good. So away we went "tally-ho-ing."

We Often Wonder—

Why Jerry does not like sports.

Where Elizabeth learned to play basketball.

How Mary sings so beautifully.

How Ethel grows so fast.

Why Margaret Davis eats so little.

From The Breezette—

THE HOMEWORK LAMENT

When school is ended for the day
And we homeward wend our way,
Laughing, chatting all the time,
Cheerily our voices chime!

Oh, how happy we would be
If our evenings were but free!
Free from homework, toil and care,
Free to spend them anywhere!

But, alas! we must not think so;
From the work we must not shrink so.
Teachers say, "Exams are near,
Easter-tide will soon be here!"

Think we then of business men,
Who **don't** work from nine till ten!
Our father sits in easy chair,
Smoking his pipe. (It **doesn't** seem
fair!)

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Watching smoke rings rise in the air—

Lazy enjoyment we cannot share!—
Listening to radio, song and dance,
Wish they'd give us half a chance!

From insult unto injury we seemingly do pass

As he turns to me and kindly says,
'My lass,
School days are best, meh all agree.'
But I don't; do you? Oh, gee!

—A. D.

GENERAL NONSENSE TEST OF ROOM 13

The following thirteen questions on Room 13's history have been answered by its non-superstitious members.

Question 1—Describe, briefly, Room 13.

Answer—It is the space usually occupied by 10-A.

2. What part do the following take in Room 13's history?: (a) Audrey Lewis, (b) Margaret Wheeler, (c) Blanche Kyle, (d) Grace Handford.

Audrey, our president, when in office is most dignified, but no mention will be made herein of her actions when not officiating.

3. Give date and events of the class hike.

October, 1930.

Climbing barbed-wire fences, eating burnt wieners and drinking muddy cocoa.

4. What was the chief criticism? Miss Cussans, Gwen and Bobby should not have been allowed to make the cocoa. If they insisted they should have omitted twigs, ashes, etc.

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5. Name Room 13's first victory.
Gaining third place in Magazine
contest.

6. (a) What was the greatest vic-
tory?

(b) Who were the leaders?

(a) The winning of the Junior De-
bating Shield.

(b) Islay, Evelyn K., Blanche,
Audrey L., Gwen, Bobbie.

7. Who monopolized Room 13's
brains?

Elena, Ethel B., Grace, Evelyn K.
and Mildred.

8. For what are the following
noted?: G. Handford, B. Kyle,
M. Nicholson, A. Lewis, R.
Partridge, V. Robertson, A.
Nix, B. Smith.

For their vocal efforts.

9. When did they gain promi-
nence?

During the Festival.

10. Who sang something 'cuck-
oo'?

Audrey and Bobbie, harmonious
duet!

11. How did Alice, Audrey and
Bobbie get into a trio?

We certainly don't know. Ask Miss
Kinley.

12. Who of Room 13 is training
for Field Day?

G. Handford, I. Black, V. Williams,
B. Kyle, C. McPherson, M. Pim-
lott, G. Sigmundson, A. McFet-
redge, H. Errett, J. Cottam, E.
Kerr, E. Langner.

13. Will you pass in June?

Certainly—if nine sups are allowed.

A FEMININE PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not in scornful numbers

Fashion's but an empty dream,

For the girl is dead who cares not

How her robes to others seem.

A. D., Room 13.

FROM THE OLD MAID'S PAMPHLET

In Twenty-One

With apologies to Isabel E. McKay
(Out of Babylon)

Their looks for me are bitter
And bitter are their words,
I may not glance behind unseen,
I may not talk unheard.

My teacher's eyes are trouble filled,
And, when they fall on me—
"Ten lines of science to be penned
E're next time you I see!"

But only here are they teachers,
For at four they walk out free;
They leave their work in the class-
rooms,
I bear mine home with me.

So go I through my classes,
Doing my work but fair,
And how to gain my passes—
To think of that—I do not dare.
BETTY RIDDELL.

It's Right

Emily—"How do you pass the time
in school?"

Margaret—"Well, Clara looks at
the clock, she tells Kay, Kay tells
Marnie, Marnie tells Dorothy and
Dorothy tells me."

Not So Good

Betty—"Is Eileen studying as
usual?"

Pete—"Yep."

Betty—"Well, then, wake her up."

ROOM 21

When Eileen Vollett, our president,
stepped on our threshold, it was a
fortunate day for us! She excels in
athletics and helps us with our vari-
ous difficulties, whatever they might
be.

Valborg Neilsen, our vice-presi-
dent, is always ready to take her
place in case of Eileen's absence. She

A Word of Advice!

ON leaving school to
enter upon a career,
one of the most impor-
tant assets to "getting
on" is to keep ever up-
permost in mind **Smart
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is bright and cheerful and present when needed.

Constance Webster, our secretary, never leaves anything undone. She has been active in debating and aptly shows her mettle. We should well be proud of our "bonnie Scotch lassie."

Jane MacGregor is our sports captain. She uses most of her energy in keeping us quiet and orderly—when she is not talking herself.

It is with great pleasure and pride that we speak of Dorothy Scott, who is a member of the Junior Council.

Edith Fowler is our warbler. She is the Secretary of the Girls' Glee Club. Edith and Mina Middleton were in the duets at the Festival and captured second honors.

Apparently suffering from effects of the Breezes sales campaign, our

Breezes Rep., Claire Doyle, was unable to make a note on herself—maybe she's shy.

VIOLET KENNEDY,
Room 21.

FROM THE ZEPHYR

"For I Dipt Into the Future"

Twenty years from now the world will probably be decidedly different from what it is today. Our everyday life will have changed with the changing times.

Let's have a look at Portage Avenue in 1951. The majority of the buildings are twenty to fifty storey affairs. The amount of window space is so great that the structures seem wholly glass. Bridges cross the street at a height of some fifty feet.

There are no street cars or buses. Elevated trains have taken their place. These run on an even plane

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with the bridges. Towers are stationed at two-block intervals for the taking on and off of passengers. Inside the towers are two tiny escalators, one for ascending and one for descending.

The majority of the automobiles are trucks. There are few passenger cars. The better part of this traffic has gravitated to the air. The planes vary from tiny two-seater affairs to luxurious twelve-passenger craft. Let's get in on this. At the taxi stand on the corner of Portage and Fort we hire a small open plane. As I am an experienced pilot we need no chauffeur.

We go down the street slowly, travelling slightly higher than the majority of the planes so as to get an unhampered view. Many buildings are flat-topped, some furnishing landing places, others gas and supply

stations. Above the twenty-fifth story many of the office buildings turn into apartment blocks. This height is well above the ground traffic and out of the range of most of the airplanes.

After a trip around the business section we land on the roof of the X building. On the thirty-seventh floor is the Neapolitan Tea Room. The name gives only a brief hint as to its distinctive features. The room is a huge lake with the tables on little islands. A large island in the centre houses the mechanical orchestra, which is run by one man. A tiny gondola comes up and we are rowed to a table by a picturesquely clad Italian gondolier. The music stops and the announcer of the local radio station comes on the television screen with the news items of the day. After an excellent repast we return to our plane.

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MAY DE WET.

A STREET CAR REVERIE

A street car is an exceedingly interesting place for a study of people in general. Whether or not they fumble for their fare, the manner in which they walk to their seats, all afford an insight into character. The following is a brief discussion of some ten types.

First passenger: A small fussy man with a walrus moustache. In the business world he amounts to nothing, but he's Knight of the Outer Guard in his lodge. He looks at his ticket some half dozen times to be sure he's not giving two; walks briskly to a corner seat, takes out the morning papers, opens and methodically folds it at the editorial page.

Second passenger: Flashily dressed country "feller." He's going to show "them city slickers"; bids the conductor a cheerful good morning, nonchalantly drops a fare into the box, saunters to the middle of the car and seats himself to the accompaniment and many "hums" and "haws."

Third passenger: The giggly type of shopgirl. Trips lightly down the aisle and proceeds to discuss in a loud "baby" voice the "simply divine" dance she was at last night.

Fourth passenger: Well-fed middle-aged successful business man. He thinks he owns the car, but—oh, well, we'll excuse him—to himself he's still a Lothario.

Fifth passenger: Harried young mother with two sleepy-eyed, sullen youngsters at her skirts. One wants an open window, the other doesn't, and a nerve-wracking compromise ensues.

Sixth passenger: A studious lassie of some eighteen summers. She car-

ries some heavy reading material. Her mind is wholly on the better things of life.

Seventh passenger: Smartly dressed business girl. She got up late. Her make-up shows slight irregularities due to a hasty application.

Eighth passenger: Rah-rah college boy. The ultra-modern in dress. A studied blasé expression is directed at everything and everyone.

Ninth passenger: A rather crabby female who will never see the sunny side of forty again. Extremely precise in all movements. Carries a volume of "Psychology of the Human Mind."

Tenth passenger: Ferocious-looking individual (bet he's a Communist). Gazes suspiciously at all inmates of the car. He took a correspondence course in hypnotism.

And so—ad infinitum.

MAY DE WET,
Room 8.

ROOM 8

10J of 1931 houses what we consider the cream of the Grade X Commercial girls, gathered from neighboring Junior Highs.

Early in October the following class officers were elected:

President—Violet Schultz, a delightful and devastating brunette, who manages affairs in the absence of our worthy class teacher, Miss Gayton.

Vice-President—Thelma Irwin, who presides when neither of the last two mentioned are on the horizon.

Secretary—Betty Henry. She capably manages business affairs of the room along with the presidency of the

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Junior Glee Club.

Treasurer—Edith Beattie. Following the Christmas regrading, we lost our bewitching blonde sheckle-gatherer and accordingly elected Lily Woolley, who can claim the room's most gratifying average as her successor.

Sports Captain—Margaret (Fuzzy) McQuoid, whose personage graces the Junior Council and for whose engaging personality and athletic ability superlatives fail me.

Librarian—William Schaler, our lone member of the stronger sex.

Breezes Representative—May de Wet, a would-be scribe.

Room 8 is well represented in the Junior Glee Club and Athletic teams, and made a commendable showing in the opera.

Early in October, a class party was held in the form of a wiener roast near Colonel Thompson's house, Fort

Garry Drive. By ten o'clock when all had had their share in digesting ashes and—oh, yes!—wieners and popcorn, we were transported to Dominion Street, where a dance was enjoyed by all.

MAY DE WET.

ROOM 6—XR

Very few events worth relating have taken place in this room since September, but many of the members have progressed very rapidly in the sports of our school. Harold Ellis and Arthur Bodle were on the school speed-skating team and were, as you know, successful against Kelvin and St. John's. Daniel Konchak made the intermediate basketball team and the junior football team. Clarence King made the senior football team and many of the others are training hard for Field Day.



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Jack Campbell is spare water boy for our room teams, and is also a very excellent plant boy; since his election we have noticed a distinct absence of foliage in our room.

The following are our class officers: President, Bert Hawksmith; Vice-President, John Borley; Secretary, Bert Brown; Librarian, Harry Malanchak; Sports Captain, Clarence King.

E. GILLIES.

ROOM 10. X-P—"THE UPPER TEN"

"Our Ambition"

School on Monday, should start at nine A.M.

With P.T. time till ten A.M.

And after that, work should begin, By everyone doing anything.

We'll be hungry then, and go and eat,

Before our studies are complete.

We start again at three P.M.

And do the same as at nine A.M.

The books we never had, we put away,

For it is now the close of day.

Tuesday, Wednesday, we still repeat, Satisfied each day's complete.

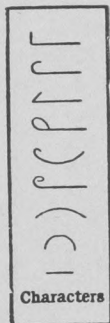
Thursday, Friday, just the same,

Don't over exercise the brain.

Saturday, Sunday, we have to rest;

These are the days we love the best.

"Our Ambition" is upheld by our class and our class officers who are:
 PresidentMargaret McGifford
 Vice-PresidentBeatrice Bowley
 Sec. Treas.Margaret Wilson
 Breezes Rep.Sadie Saunders
 Sports CaptainTheresa Rea



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Our Congratulations

*to the 1931 Graduates of Daniel
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High School Students constitute the great majority of our enrolment and no school contributes more largely to it than Daniel McIntyre. When you come to the Dominion you will come among your old Classmates. It offers you a friendly, wholesome atmosphere—and an unsurpassed thoroughness of training.

Our new College on The Mall is in its appointments the most complete Institution devoted to Commercial Education in Canada. Twenty-two subjects are taught by highly qualified and experienced teachers. Individual instruction is assured every student. Enrolment can be made at any time, but the earlier the start the sooner you will be ready for the position that will lead you to independence.

We would like to discuss your business ambitions with you.

The Dominion Business College
THE MALL

BRANCHES AT ST. JAMES
AND ELMWOOD

LOUNGE ROOM 11

As a whole, Room 11 is made up of peace-loving, essaying-writing boys who have absolutely no desire to annoy the teachers or disturb the quiet of the room. (By the way, the essays never vary in length or subject, but are always one-thousand word Science Compositions.

Jim Passey is our president, Dave Woolley is our council member and both are members of the school basketball team. Our room secretary is none other than Morier Denton.

Our social activities were summarized, or what you will, by a Weiner roast at which we were the guests of Room 8.

Our favorite indoor sport is skipping—Periods. The only trouble in connection with this amusement is that when the participant is caught he is “hauled over the coals” by someone who forgets that periods have been skipped from time immemorable, although we have it from an eminent educationalist, that times have changed, “Since the prehistoric days when I went to school.”

J. D. PRINGLE.

ROOM 12—XF

The pleasant, peaceful and indifferent calm of Room 12 was shattered after the Christmas “swots”, when a general clean up was made and a practically new group of female impersonators arrived to replace the worn-outs.

For a while things were lively while new elections were going on. After the dead and wounded had been removed, it was discovered that the following warriors had been elected to office: President—June Daly, Vice-President—Tom Wingate, Sec.-Treasurer—Ruth Tovell, Girls' Sports Captain—Maude Lemon, Boys' Sports Captain—John Ross, and Breezes Rep.—Betty Brownrigg.

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A Story of the Pupils of Room 12

Once upon a time there were two men named Cosgrave Smith and Bradley Tovell who had fallen in the Water'(s) that Somer when they were going with their sons, Willie and Barrie, in their little Brown-rigg to see the Queen. They said the Law would have something to say when two Deason Shepherd men should have a Hart attack and not be able to get a Lemon. Their friends promised to send Robert's son, Daly to the Hutt-or Ted's-ford. The doctor sent Mac's-Niece (W) right over to White's house to get some Harris' Hawthorne lotion for Biggar bunions. When the Lough men got caught in a Myr-old, Ross Pratt rescued him and was given a Morris-chair for his pains. Then his friend Es-dale was jealous and went over to Win's-gate where a Ful-ford was flooding Elliot's field. He met McCurdy on the

way home. Late that night they heard Gribbons yell down stairs "Pollock that door before you and that Dob's-son go to bed."

B.B.

ROOM 15

Room 15 wishes to take this opportunity of extending its heartiest congratulations to Ross Pratt for his outstanding success in the Musical Festival. Another noted personage in the room is Keith Davison, who holds a place on the Junior Council. Samuel (Sapsewsky) Brickman also deserves an honorable mention as the chief decorator of the room. He has decorated all four corners and the cloak-room. Sam is also very useful during French and geometry periods, being questionably brilliant in these subjects. Every room has its speed maniac, and in Room 15 it is Mullins. He also played a major role in the

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great ink battle. We have a room council. Here it is: Harry Stubbs, president; Ted Wilson, Vice-president; Sydney Bellingham, secretary; Jack Leaney, sports' captain; Jack Findlay, Breezes representative; Vernon Neil and Norman Osborne, council aids. Being a modest class we shall not advertise our excellence in sport. What's that? Social events? Well, our council's attitude towards them appeared to be "Periculum est in mora, sed festina lente. Requiescat in pace." That's all.

T.W.

Mr. Oliver put one Oliver (all over) Room 15 class. Yesterday he left the room for a few minutes. As soon as he departed, the class started "makin' whoopee." All of a sudden the phone rang. Ted Wilson answered it, but the class still kept on shouting and laughing. The trouble was that the

phone call was from Mr. Oliver himself!

Now, was that nice? "Absolutely NO!" sez we.

IN MEMORIAM

In memory of our classmate, Terence Hagerman, who died October 19, 1930. The students of Room 15 wish to extend their sympathy to the relatives and friends of their late schoolmate.

"In the bloom of his life death claimed him;

In the pride of his boyhood days.

None knew him but to love him;

None mentioned his name but with praise."

ROOM 23

We are the students of 23,
Of our brains there isn't much to see;
Ours is the realm of Chemistry,

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From that horrid odor we are never free.

Too often our homework isn't done,
For we stay out late to have some fun.

In French we are not so bad,
But Geometry is rather sad.
Of bad habits we have some,
One of them is chewing gum.
The pen is mightier than the sword,
Claim we of the XS ward.

RAYMOND ELLIOTT.

ROOM 28

Clamor! Clamor! Clamor! A noisy din fills the hall, a royal flourish, Mr. Arnason appears on the scene and peace reigns. Work is resumed after a horse laugh is heard at the back of the room.

Now let us proclaim the class officers (known far and wide): Norm. Garret, President; Bob Clark, Vice-President; Tony Restivo, Secretary; Jack Reid, Sports Captain; John Smith, Librarian, and last but not least, Hymie Glassman, Breezes Representative. In sports our boys haven't had the chance to display their athletic ability because of the postponement of all their games.

The inter-room debates brought forth some very good material from Room 28. Our reputation was upheld in the first debate by H. Glassman and L. Hodgson, but our orators were downed in their second attempt, due to unpopular decision (?).

Speaking of social events, we held one or two wiener roasts (official). The boys were all at the Junior Dance garbed in their tuxedos.

Among the notables of the room are Bud Gallagher, the radical of Room 28, who has the makings of a great speaker—maybe; Daring Dick Johnson, who isn't entirely successful in dodging truant officers (several years' experience); Tony Restivo, whose maxim is "I haven't it done";

Enna Jettick

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Merritt (Blondy), who is the star of the primary basketball team; Mr. Ar-nason, who excels in catching hooky players. Then there are John Smith and his laugh, Ken Martin (Mr. Dun-can's boy) and Bob Charles and his permanent wave. We all expect to pass in June—i.e., exit.

ROOM 45

Room 45 is a brainy class
(Never fear, we'll not all pass);
In shorthand and typing we excel,
Our one weakness—we cannot spell.
History and composition are not so
bad;

Our literature and science marks
make us glad.

Cooking and sewing we never shirk,
For there we always have to work.
P.T. and music cause many a pain,
For both muscles and voices we tend
to strain.

For geography we're there at nine,
There are so many things to under-
line.

We'd a good turn-out at the Junior

Hop,
Nobody could say it was a flop.
Basketball, we like the game;
Volleyball is far too tame.

'Gainst other rooms we'd like a race—
Just watch Room 45 set the pace.
All our debates we did not win
But, then, that's not committing a sin.
Next year some of us will be back
again,

Others will go out seeking fame.

Our class officers are: President,
Elva Boyd; Vice-President, Alice
McNeil; Secretary-Treasurer, Mona
Johnston; Sports Captain, Peggy
Simpson; Librarian, Phyllis Strain;
Breezes Representative, Lillian Dick.

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ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER

ROOM 46, XO

Hello, Radio Fans! This is Station DMCI, Winnipeg. Room 46 will now be on the air. Florence Campbell, our very popular president, and our big-hearted secretary, Bernice Wiltse, will harmonize a very popular song, "Have You Your Homework Done?" followed by "Get Into Line," by our red-headed vice-president, Jean Barker. The class will sing several request numbers. First, for the Procter twins, "Two Little Girls in Blue"; for our sports captain, Edith McWilliams, "After the Ball Is Over"; Kay Wallace, "Sleepy Town Gal"; Evelyn Wright, "For Once I Am Early"; Claire Daum, "Amoeba"; Elsie Lowe, "Where's My Shadow?"; Annie Mee, "Fa sol la ti do"; Esther Ward and Winnie Harris, "Side by Side"; Grace Burns, "Oh, My Operation!" The re-

mainder of the class request "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here."

This, radio fans, brings to a close our program. We shall be with you about this time next year. This is Breezes representative, Dorothy Noble, announcing.

ROOM 48

President Jim Duncan
Vice-President Fred Lewis
Treasurer Tom Nash
Sports Capt. "Huck" Driver
Breezes Rep. Bob Wybrow
Librarian Ken Young

The remainder—well, perhaps some of the teachers can satisfy you on that point.

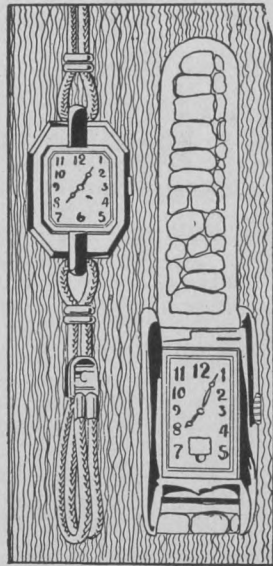
The current year has brought few exciting incidents, unless you consider several holidays-makers on Friday afternoons, or the lunch hour de-

GRADUATION

Presents

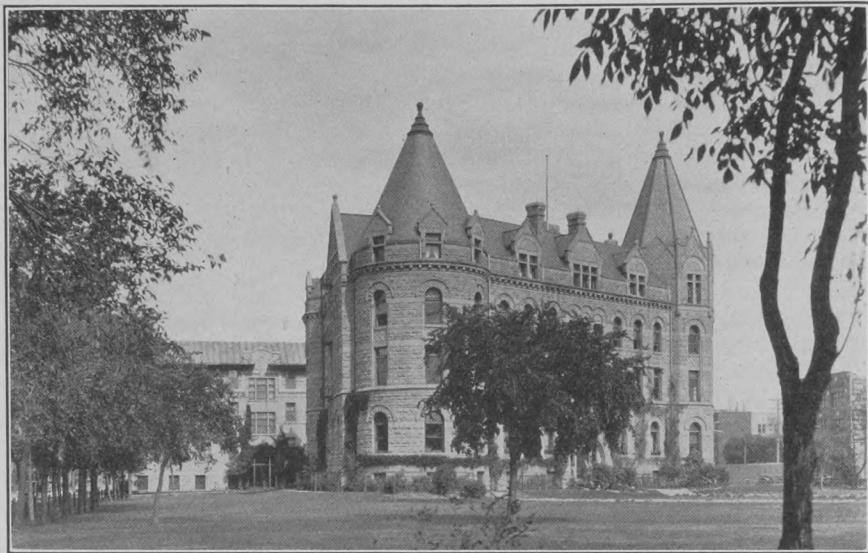
In after years, the events of school life will all merge in memory—upon one day alone, Graduation Day, will recollection hinge. How wise to mark this epochal occasion with a gift that will endure, to keep bright the final years of carefree youth. And what more significant token than a recorder of Time.

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structive crew, or the humorous history periods and habitual gum-chewers and maybe add the twenty-four French failures. But such is school life as we know it.

We regret to inform you that the changes made in the classes lost to us several of our most talented musicians, sportsmen and A1 students, and also our heralded Rip Van Winkle, known to us as Ralph Dick. But we seem to have imported excellent material for all uses, especially talking, like Bill Simpson and his Irish friend Tim, and since fair exchange is no robbery, I'm sure we'll get along fine.

Our athletic pupils organized a game of hockey and as usual the unfortunate party was ready with excellent alibis.

And, finally, the Junior Hop was well attended by forty-eighters, who all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

And so, with Mr. McLeod at its head, forty-eight feels worthy of being well in the running in all undertakings, as in the past.

BOB WYBROW.

ROOM 49

Murphy and Jamieson were walking along the LOWE highway when they saw their friends, the VICAR'S wife AND-ER-SON, CUMMING along in a magnificent BLOWER super-six car which had an exceptionally long HOOD. DIS-SON was whistling a BLYTHE air, but when he saw the two boys he stopped long enough to explain that the car had KLETKE upholstery and was finished in mahogany and BURCH. They asked if they would like a ride home and Murphy got out to TURNER over, but failed. The party sat down on the curbstone to wait for some passing motorist to help them out of their difficulty. The first car that passed was an old MAXWELL, but the

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driver could not help them and drove on. Soon a Rutherford came up and the driver, who introduced himself as Mr. Firth, saw at once that they were out of gas and told them that the ALEXANDER garage was on the corner of WILLIAM and GOWER.

They did not know the district very well and the first attempt found them at MAC GREGOR and STEFANSON, just opposite the firm of HEWITT-SON & JONES. They asked another passerby for directions, and once again set out to locate the much-needed gas. Arriving there, they saw that the garageman was REIDING the evening paper and the boy was rubbing some SLOANS Liniment on his dog's sore foot. They thought they would try HOCKEN some gas, but the boy saw them and told his father, who made them DEALY over the money for it, and while a very

dejected and embarrassed group left the yard the man patted his boy on the back and said, "WAT-a-SON!"

Our friends took the gas back to the car and put it in while the boy combed his un-KEMP hair and said, "Well, so FINNIE our little adventure, and HOWE!"—Murphy.

L. EDWARDS.

ROOM 50

Much credit is due to "dear old 50" for the athletes we have turned out. Our volleyball and basketball teams have won many of the games they played.

In many of the sports we have had one or more representatives. Harold Mitchell, Jack Thompson and Dan Wood were on the school football team. On the hockey team, Harold Mitchell played many splendid games and Alvin Tracy was on the primary basketball team. Dan Wood was our

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For Calendar write—

H. G. MINGAY, Secretary, Summer School Committee, Department of Education, or W. J. SPENCE, Registrar, University of Manitoba.

representative on the school swimming team.

We are proud of these boys and we hope we will do as well in the Inter-High Track Meet.

Due to considerable changes in our room, we have held no social activities. However, we hope to get together before the term has ended.

Officers — President, E. Leveille; Vice-President, C. Ross; Secretary-Treasurer, T. Smith; Sports Captain, H. Mitchell; Breezes Representative, H. McKinnon.

H. McKINNON.

ROOM 61

Hey! Hey!

Look this way!

We are
above par,

So heed us when we say:

Our class officers are: President, Grace Downie; Secretary, Sheila Co-

hen; Sports Captain, Doris Searle; Librarian, Marjorie Hill. Another notable personage is our class monitor, who is no other than Alice Cameron.

Although the term is about over, we have had, so I believe, "one" class party. Among those present were the Honorable Students of Room 28 who, we believe, had a fairly good time. It has been rumored that we "may" have a theatre party. You can get other particulars from any of the pupils in June. Of course, as we have so many industrious students in our room we find it quite impossible to have "too many" parties, as it tends to draw attention from work.

Before this station signs off, the class join with me in a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Clarke, who has done everything in her power to make this term a success.

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ALMANAC FOR 1932

By IMA Quackdoc

General Forecast

This year will be good for everyone, especially revenue officers and politicians. Nothing of great importance will happen except that the world will come to an end three times. The Leaning Tower of Pisa will tumble down, and this will be featured on the front page of the Elmwood Herald. Now read on:

January

This is the month of "Sagarittus," the furnace-man. The planets appearing this month are Mercury, Venus and Hercules. Owing to a typographical error, Saturn will not appear at all this month. Sorry, but this is final. People born in January usually have weak ankles. Avoid brown-eyed, blue-eyed and green-eyed girls. In general, avoid girls.

February

The zodiacal sign for this month is "Tarsus"—the chicken's foot. During this month there will be no full moon, which will be a bit hard on the young people, but cheer up—we'll

send you one next month. Planets appearing this month are Jupiter, Saturn and Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog star. Keep away from wine, women and customs inspectors. Cold weather will hold its place up until February 18, then we shall have fine weather, including three four-day blizzards. February's birthstone is the Chrysanthemum. (See Ashdown's display window, third floor.)

March

This is the month of "Numa," the lion. Living up to its reputation, March comes in like a lion, but then lies down on its back. Some famous marches are: the March hare, the Dead March and the Marchioness of Salisbury. On March 8 the world will come to an end. In spite of this, on St. Patrick's day there will be a free-for-all hand encounter on Market Square in honor of the noble Irish. The City Council will referee. Red-haired people born in this month make good firemen. Avoid wearing winter underwear. Lucky colors are violet to red, and vice-versa. This month is especially good for parades, as it is march, march, march.

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April

The month of fools. Consequently, this month is similar to June. The zodiacal sign is "Cancer," the terrible disease. On April 2 oysters are to go out of season, yet on April 3 several people will be found dead as a result of wilful and unlawful negligence of this law of etiquette. Umbrellas will be on sale from nine to twelve at T. Eaton Co. in the barbarous section. April showers bring forth many flowers; but we don't want them brought fourth, we want them first, don't we? April's lucky day is Saturday (payday).

May

The sign of the zodiac is "Ursus Major," the popular bear. There are four Thursdays in this month. During Paramount week, May 10-11, Snub Pollard and Ben Turpin will be the stars. Other stars appearing this month are Mars, Jupiter and Orion's Belt. (Owing to severe storms and fogs, the buckle has been misplaced and will not appear until 1933.) On the eighteenth a great revolution will take place in Russia, and something will be rotten in the state of Denmark; but we should worry, we're not in Denmark. Lucky days are Monday to Sunday, inversely. The birthstone is the Mother-of-Pearl, or, in other words, Mrs. Jones.

June

"Asparagus," the vegetable. Unlucky days are from the first to the thirtieth, inclusive. The baseball season will open at the Wesley, and three Scotsmen will be injured (from falling off a tree). Due to interplanetary interference, we shall have great snowstorms this month. (Use Dr. Quack's Duck Pills—Good for Protoplasm.—Adv't.) On June 19 the world will come to its second end. (This is a remarkable phenomenon, as the earth happens to be round.) Celebrations will be held on the Queen's birthday all over the United States, including Poland, Russia, Brandon and other large cities. This month's birthstone is the Alligator Ruby, from the wilds of far-off central Scotland.



July

The month of "Leo," the leopard. This is a good month for garden vegetables, rumrunners and other alcoholic athletes. The plants and planets appearing this month are Hebrides, Geranium, Vines, Venus and Nasturtium — nasturtim — nastur, and Roses. We predict fine weather for automobile salesmen and other swindlers. The June Examination Results

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will be the only sensation of the month. Colors predominating in this month will be Yellow, Red, Green, Tooke and Arrow.

August

The month of "Raggus," the dish-cloth. This is a lucky month for all revenue officers and politicians. Several meteors will be seen in the sky, including gas-meters and centimeters. That reminds us of a verse we know. Note the metre:

There's meters of gas,
There's meters of light—
But the best meter I know
Is to meet her tonight.

Cold weather will continue up until August 31, 1931, B.S. (Before September). Several murders will take place in Tasmania and other parts of South Africa. The flowers appearing this month are Lilies, Violets and Roses. By special arrangement other flowers that can be seen are Jean, Joan, June and Jane. People born under "Raggus" have the inclination to become waiters in Childs'.

September

The zodiacal sign is "Horace," the domestic animal. September 1 starts this month and, as usual, all the boys and girls gaily trip back to school (for the first few days). This is a prosperous month for Chicagoans, as machine guns of exquisite designs (some have bad designs) will be per-

fectured and the shooting of men will be wiped out—also, the men. We predict that the National League pennant will be won by the team with the highest percentage of points. During September the autumn leaves will begin to fall, thus giving plenty of work for the City Council. Cold weather will set in. It will be about 20° in the shade, but you don't have to stay in the shade. There will only be about 105 more shoplifting days until Christmas. Get yours done early. Buy Christmas seals, but be careful what you feed them. September's flower is the Forget-Me-Not—a symbolism of the return to school.

October

"Nero," the dog, governs this month. Universal week commences October 3 and ends October 4. Each child attending any performance will be given a Universal typewriter, while adults, 80 years of age or over, will be admitted free—if accompanied by their parents. The planets appearing this month are Adonis and Pluto. Several others will appear, but they won't be seen. Owing to Rin-Tin-Tin's illness, Sirius, the dog star, will substitute. Several cold spells will start about the twenty-first and will last until the twenty-second. On the twenty-fifth of this month the duck-shooting season will commence. Last year out of 6,519,432 ducks only 5,015 were shot. (The

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remainder were half-shot.) People born under "Nero" usually have fleas. Lucky colors—Maroon and White.

November

"Saratoga," the bowling alley. This is the month when the world gets ready for Christmas, giving presents away and expecting more back. Several people will be arrested for early Christmas shopping—that is, if they get into the store before it opens. Last year 7,015,829 people didn't buy on the installment plan. Out of this number 7,016,826 were under 9 years of age, and two others were unemployed. Cold weather will hold its place all over the northern parts of the world. Mild weather, however, will not prevail in Winnipeg. The speed-skating season will begin at Wesley. A special event will be the race between Fanny Frieze and her dog Fido. As a handicap, Fido will give Fanny three laps. November is favorable for business of all kinds,

providing that one minds one's own business. Lucky colors—none; lucky days—none.

December

The zodiacal sign is "Beaver"—Santa Claus. Brown-eyed people born in this month should avoid all connections with Rupert Street, P.S. An eclipse of the polar nexus will take place on December 11 at 3.30 a.m. On account of the early hour, nothing will be heard of it, and twice as much seen. Lindbergh will tour Central Africa with his new 24-shot bombing plane and intentions to establish peace with his good will tour. On the twenty-fourth of December the death of Santa Claus will be reported from several different parts of Scotland. Lucky day is any day. Birthstone is the legume (22 carrots).

Summary

See general forecast.

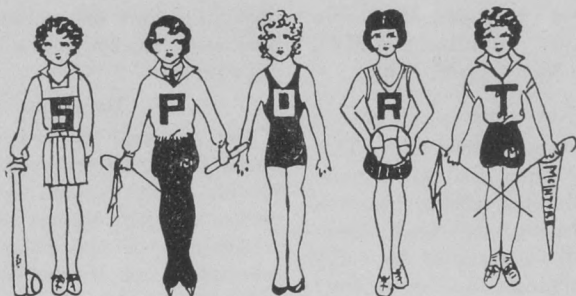
JOE McCracken.

School Sweaters and Crests

May be secured individually or in team lots, in the Sporting Goods Section at Eaton's. Prices, available on request, are moderate.

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SCHOOL TRACK MEET

The meet was held September 27 at Sargent Park. The weather was "keen," although there was a high wind in the early part of the day. Crowds of D.M.C.I. students poured into the park, together with friends and onlookers. The events were run off smoothly. Winners of events were:

Ball Throw—(1) Grace Handford, (2) Ella McInnes.

High Jump—(1) Edna Barnett, Muriel Murray, (2) Georgina Gall.

Dash—(1) Genevieve Johns, (2) Georgina Gall, Hazel Bull, Gladys Waters.

The grand aggregate was won by Room 51, Seniors. The Junior aggregate was won by Room 55.

INTER-ROOM BASEBALL

Owing to the ever-changing mood of "Old Man Weather," the baseball was postponed to a later date. As a result the baseball finals were not played off. But—better hopes next time! We are looking forward to spring baseball.

INTER-ROOM VOLLEYBALL

The games began in the fall with the Juniors on top—namely, "A" team of Room 55—closely followed by

the Seniors of Room 58. The games were interesting and very well played.

INTER-HIGH VOLLEYBALL

Real good teams were entered this year, but although our girls were strong in spirit they lacked the uniform strength of the other schools.

Seniors—St. John's.

Juniors—St. John's.

Better luck next year, girls!

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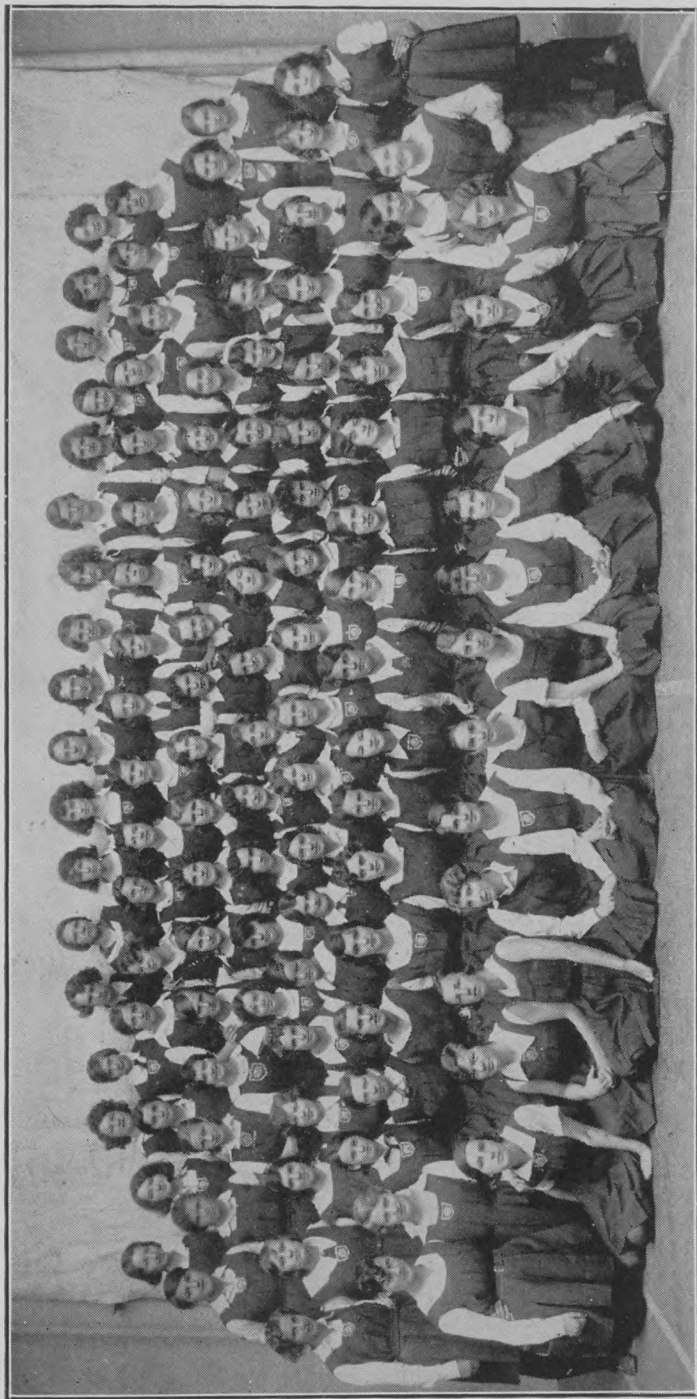
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Teachers'
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**JAMES HOUSTON,
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WINNIPEG

Established 1906



GIRLS' TRACK TEAM

Back Row—M. McQuoid, G. Johns, R. Gardner, E. Grundy, R. Simpson, E. Barnett, H. Bull, M. McPherson, A. Johnson, F. Chippendale, I. Black, G. Taylor, G. Johnston, R. Truscott, L. Cannem, M. Miller.
 Sixth Row—B. Kyle, V. Williams, G. Gall, E. McInnes, G. Waters, F. Lough, B. Law, B. Brownrigg, M. Mitchell, R. Ellinthorpe, B. Hale, M. Wilson, I. McDonald, J. Burdett, H. Smith, R. Raven, I. Lowe.
 Fifth Row—G. Neal, E. Lewis, G. Handford, B. Stephens, G. Sigmondson, A. Downie, P. McCaughy, J. Wrainright, M. Erlendson, P. Hammel, H. Rindress, D. Noble, C. Johnson, M. Pimlott, M. Campbell.
 Fourth Row—I. Pierce, E. Brickman, B. Dunsmore, M. Pepper, L. Dick, D. Price, M. Deneveld, G. Hossack, J. Noll, F. Bull, R. Jarrett, M. McMorland, G. Beech, S. Hardy.
 Third Row—M. Esdale, V. Bradley, P. Porter, E. Rutherford, K. Hill, M. McGifford, A. Johaneson, M. McGuff, E. Williams, M. Lemon, E. Riley, E. Tottle, M. McPhail, M. McGrath, M. Duncan, E. Baker, W. Simms, E. Doig, E. Massey.
 Second Row—M. Baxter, K. Chambers, D. Searle, S. Burns, C. Hamlin, E. Hopley, M. Volraith, A. McFetridge, C. McPherson, Miss Cussans, H. Cummings, J. Murray, M. Murray, E. Thickson, E. Bremner, A. White, P. Archer.
 Front Row—L. Woolley, E. Oliphant, B. Phelps, K. Hill, G. Downie, V. Ross, M. Clarke, S. Saunders, B. Laurie, J. McGregor, M. Hill, E. Beattie.



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BASKETBALL AND VOLLEYBALL

Room 8-X, Inter-Room Champions

From Left to Right—Lily Woolley, Beryl Phelps, Georgina Gall, Margaret Scott, Margaret McQuoid, Frances Bull.



JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Hazel Bull, Lillian Woolley, Beryl Phelps, Mert Fulton (Capt.), Georgina Gall, Blanche Kyle, Edith McWilliams, Margaret McQuoid, Jessie Nall.



GIRLS' SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

Isabel McDonald, Nellie Moody, Helen Cummings, Minnie Simm, Margaret Russell, Audrey Harwood, Mary Deneffeld, Beverley Dunsmore.

INTER-HIGH BASKETBALL

The teams entered by the D.M.C.I. this year were very well trained and carried well the honors of former years. The Senior team did not win the championship, but they worked real hard and deserve much credit. The Junior team won the Junior championship, competing against St. John's and Kelvin.

The games were well fought and showed brilliant play and exceedingly good sportsmanship.

Senior Team—Nancy Miller (Captain), centre; Mary Denfield, Bernice Kuhn, Peggy Scott (defense), Edna Burnett (centre), Audrey Harwood, Winnie Simms and Margaret Russell (forwards).

Junior Team—Maud Lemon (Captain), centre; Mary Baxter (centre), Ruth Garret, Betty Stevens, Blanche Kyle (forwards), Madeline MacPhail, Georgina Gall, Beryl Williams, Lily Wooley, Miriam Fulton (defense).

Both teams were ably coached by Miss M. Cussans.

SPEED SKATING

Due to the brilliant speed of D.M.C.I.'s "Queen of the Blades," Edith McWilliams, the school may boast again of carrying off the skating honors in Inter-High events.

Line-up—Jean Hempstead, "Mert" Fulton, Helen Cummings, Edith McWilliams, Jean Burdett.

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"Go and get some crayons for the teacher!"

"Collect three sticks of gum from Cooper!"

"Ye gods and little fishes!"

"Behold! The lord of creation is speaking."

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SENIOR BASKETBALL

M. Russell, A. Harwood, W. Simms, E. Barnett, M. Miller, B. Kuhn, M. Deneffield.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Mary Baxter, Beryl Phelps, Mert Fulton, Blanche Kyle, Betty Stephen, Georgina Gall, Madeline MacPhail, Ruth Jarret, Maud Lemon (Capt.).



SKATING TEAM

Jean Hempseed, Jean Burdett, Helen Cummings, Miriam Fulton, Edith McWilliams.



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SPORTS

BASKETBALL

This year, as in previous years, the boys' basketball teams have been under the supervision of Mr. Morgan. It is due to the faithful and untiring work of Mr. Morgan and to the co-operation of the boys that we enjoyed such a banner year in basketball. We won the Primary and Junior championships, and finished second in the Senior division. As our girls' Junior team walked off with their title, we obtained the lion's share of Inter-High basketball awards. This is a remarkable achievement, as our teams are handicapped by the lack of a gym and were forced to train elsewhere.

PRIMARY BASKETBALL

Led by Doug. Maxwell, our Primary team opened the season with a

23-22 win at St. John's. It was a thriller all the way, although our boys had a greater edge than the score would indicate. Tom Allison and Maxwell teamed well together to form a good defense. Both were always scoring threats. The regular forward line of Lowe, Merritt and Potts Wheatley showed up to good advantage at all times. The boys followed up their first triumph by taking the Tech and the Kelvin teams "for a ride" on the Y.M.C.A. floor. However, in the final game at Kelvin the tables were turned and the Cherry and Gray squad triumphed after an overtime struggle which ended 26-23. In winning the primary championship much credit is due George Crayston, who coached the team this year. A great little team and worthy McIntyre representatives.

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BOYS' TRACK TEAM

Back Row—R. Hiede, S. Crayston, D. Wooley, E. Stefanson, B. Gallop, T. Brandon, H. Bradshaw, M. Bond, B. Clements, D. Wood, M. Denton, D. Wilson, H. Stubbs.
 Fifth Row—H. Murphy, G. Malemfant, R. Hobday, W. Main, H. Crumbe, R. Wybrow, J. Webster, R. Sellars, R. Bradshaw, H. Read, F. Carter, W. Bell, M. Tulley, B. Ashcroft.
 Fourth Row—D. Edmondson, O. Ness, K. Meadows, G. McLean, W. Hanna, W. Ellis, C. Brusegard, J. Cousins, N. Anderson, J. McCracken, C. Stewart, J. Smith, O. Marantz, W. Evans.
 Third Row—S. Brickman, T. Dunderdale, A. Bartle, T. Wilson, T. Wood, K. Martin, W. Taylor, J. Dakon, V. McMahon, E. Levielle, T. Nash, D. O'Brien, J. Pringle, A. Pfeiffer, S. Ried, G. Pincock, P. Ham.
 Second Row—B. Flett, S. Belingham, G. Crowe, A. Kemp, I. Young, K. Pidgeon, W. Flett, J. Carmichael, L. Lutes, R. Stienbart, W. Bolton, C. Larimer, J. Freed, G. Johnson, W. Malcolm, D. Fernie, H. Merritt.
 Front Row—G. Murray, W. Gislason, W. Pearson, F. Marr, E. Barter, H. Howe, W. Anderson, R. Kibblewhite, R. O'Dowda, A. Dewar, R. Livingstone.
 Missing—Ju Munsie, H. Trott, D. Hooper, R. Sutton, J. Jackson, B. Brandon, L. Nock, E. Kobold, V. Leatherdale, G. Urquhart.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

During the past few years, our boys' Junior basketball teams have come pretty close to championships, only to lose out in the play-offs. This year the finest Junior team we have ever had swept through the opposition, winning all their games by substantial margins, to bring home a well-earned title.

They put a damper on St. John's aspirations, taking them into camp to the tune of 38-23. Only a weakness around the baskets, at times, prevented them from winning by a larger margin. The defense of Kemp and Braunstein baffled the Tech stalwarts, while the speed and accuracy of our forwards kept the St. John's boys always on the defensive. They continued their winning ways, and won easily their next two games at the Y.M.C.A.

They had now cinched their championship, but just for good measure

chalked up a win in the final game at Kelvin. While Samson, Robinson and Vanderveken performed well on the forward line, special mention should be accorded Jack Carmichael, who so ably led his team to victory. He has captained the Junior team for two years and his brilliant but steady playing was probably the chief factor in his team's success.

INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL

Although they failed to follow the precedent set them by the Intermediate teams of the last two years, the team this year made a very commendable showing. The squad was composed of an entirely new set of players, as the nucleus of last year's championship team was moved up to the Senior division.

On the defence were Reing Steinbart and Ralph Sutton, with Bruce Ashcroft and Dave Woolley as alter-

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PRIMARY BASKETBALL TEAM Inter-High Champions, 1931

W. Alexander, A. Wheatley, D. Maxwell (Capt.), H. Merritt, L. Hodgson, A. Tracy,
E. Low, P. Ham, N. Christie.
Missing—T. Allison.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM Inter-High Champions, 1931

L. Robinson, C. Braunstein, J. Tones, V. Taylor, V. McMahon, M. Samson, Jack Carmichael (Capt.), H. Vanderveken, A. Kemp.
SCHOOL CHAMPIONS



INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL TEAM

L. Ogilvie, W. Main, D. Konchak, D. O'Brien, D. Woolley, R. Sutton, B. Ashcroft,
R. Steinbart, J. Passey (Capt.).

nates; Bill Hain holding down the pivot position, was the mainstay of the team. Les Ogilvie and Dessie O'Brien worked in nicely on the first string forward line, being relieved by Denny Konchak and Jimmy Passey. All of these boys were playing their first basketball for the school and although defeated, they were in there fighting with the true McIntyre spirit.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Led by George Timlick, our Senior team opened up their schedule with a bang by defeating the classy Kel-

ord of not being defeated in the past decade. We went out with a vengeance to spoil that record, and it certainly appeared that we would put it over, for at half-time the score read 12-6 in our favor. In the second half our hitherto impregnable defence weakened and the North Enders overcame our early lead to win by a score of 24-17. A victory would have assured us of a berth in the play-offs, as we defeated Kelvin in another nip-and-tuck struggle on the "Y" floor. A Senior championship was not to be ours this year, for in the final game the Saints cinched their championship with a 42-15 triumph.

Our Seniors were handicapped by



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

G. Peacock (Manager), G. Crayston, N. Norrie, S. Timlick, H. Driver, G. Johnson. Missing—G. Murray.

vin quintette before a great crowd in the Kelvin gym. Although two points in arrears at half-time, the boys rose to great heights and finished in a whirlwind of scoring, coming from behind to take the long end of a 33-28 count. All the boys were certainly on to their game, but "Gibby" Johnston, "Ace" Norrie and "Tim" Timlick especially turned in sparkling displays. We next took on the strong Teck team at the Y.M.C.A. St. John's boasts of the splendid record of not being defeated in the past decade. We went out with a vengeance to spoil that record, and it certainly appeared that we would put it over, for at half-time the score read 12-6 in our favor. In the second half our hitherto impregnable defence weakened and the North Enders overcame our early lead to win by a score of 24-17. A victory would have assured us of a berth in the play-offs, as we defeated Kelvin in another nip-and-tuck struggle on the "Y" floor. A Senior championship was not to be ours this year, for in the final game the Saints cinched their championship with a 42-15 triumph.

Our Seniors were handicapped by lack of adequate substitute material, but nevertheless presented a well-balanced team. George Timlick held down one defense position, with George Crayston and "Huck" Driver alternating on the other. Norm Norrie, Gibby Johnston and Geordie Murray, recruited from last year's championship Intermediate team, comprised the forward line. Finishing second in their division, our Senior team has attained a greater measure of success than those of previous years.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row—J. Miller, Jackson, H. Crombie, Wybrow, Campbell, Ness, T. Nash, E. Leveille.

Second Row—O. Norman, J. Kemp, B. Bell, J. Thompson, D. Wood, O. O'Brien, C. King, A. Steinbart, R. Grierson.

Front Row—G. Johnson, J. Carmichael, H. Mitchell, H. Driver, L. Sinclair, N. Norris, R. Steinbart.

FOOTBALL

Owing to the fact that our school field day came in the fall, football got off to a late start. With few of last year's veterans available, Mr. Fyles, assisted by Mr. McLeod, were forced to select a team from new and untried material.

The season was inaugurated with the Macites playing host to the strong St. John's team. The "Saints" with their strong offensive, dominated the play during the first half, giving Woods, the Collegiate custodian many uneasy moments. They managed to slip in two shots before the period

ended. Our boys apparently found themselves soon after the intermission and before full time had pulled up on even terms with their rivals, the final score being a tie, 2 all. They journeyed to Kevin for their second tussle, and emerged victorious after a snappy struggle with the Kelvin contingent. In the return game with the cherry and grey crew, on our grounds, we presented a much improved lineup, and although the game was a little slow on account of a heavy ground, we repeated our earlier triumph, this time shutting them out. We were now on even terms with St. John's in the

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standing, and the final game with them would decide the title.

Our boys, playing on a strange field, were certainly not at their best while the Teck team has seldom been seen to better advantage. The dashing attack and air-tight defence of the St. John's team were too much for us, and when the smoke of the battle had cleared we were on the short end of the score. The fact that the personnel of this year's team was recruited mostly from Grade X material augers well for our football prospects next term. The team, captained by "Huck" Driver, reflects great credit on Mr. Fyles and Mr. McLeod to whom the school owes a debt of gratitude. We expect great things from the football team next year.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

At last a junior series has been organized. The three High's together with Isaac Newton and Lord Selkirk Schools started the struggle. Others may enter next year. The games were all well contested, and D.M.C. team under the captaincy of Denny Korchak helped to make the schedule a real success. We are hoping that the series may not only be continued next year but also extended to make it worth while.

Mr. Madden—"What planets were known to the ancients?"

Crayston—"Well, there was Venus and Jupiter and (after a pause) I think the earth, but I'm not certain."

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SWIMMING TEAM

City of Winnipeg Shield

Dan Woods, Tom Brandson, Ron Turner, O. Norman.

SWIMMING

Within the portals of the Daniel McIntyre again tried champion swimmers. After six years of unsuccessful attempts, the Daniel McIntyre's Boys' Relay team, not only won the City of Winnipeg Shield, emblematic of the High School championship for boys' team but also lowered the record for this event, from 2.02 minutes to 1.57 $\frac{2}{5}$ minutes. The members of this team are: Tom Brandson, Dan

Wood, Osborne Norman, Ronald Turner (Captain).

The mixed team, however, was not so successful, being defeated only after a very close and thrilling race. The members of this team are: Isabel McDonald (Captain), Ethel Barrie, Fred Carter, and Roy Heide.

We may say that the faithful training by the members of the teams, and the loyal support of the school were the great factors in Daniel McIntyre's success in aquatic sports.



MIXED SWIMMING TEAM

Roy Heide, Isabel McDonald, Ethel Barrie, Fred Carter.



SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row—Robert Rutherford, H. Driver, Joe Benson, John Jackson, Jim Passey.
Front Row—Bill Hanna, Jack Carmichael, Benny Glusman, Harold (Tiger) Mitchell,
Herbert Howe, Douglas Fernie, Munroe Tully.

DANIEL McINTYRE COLLEGIATE HOCKEY

Although Mr. Smith's boys, decked out in classy maroon and white outfits and wearing the "Winged M" did not win the Inter-High Hockey laurels, they did not lower the standards set by preceding representatives. They were battling all the way and were not beaten until the final bell, but when beaten they took it like the real sports they are.

To pick an outstanding star would be almost impossible as every player gave his all, although special attention must be called to Captain "Tiger" Mitchell, who rose to great heights to keep the old rubber from bulging the twine. In front of him the elongated Joe Benson and Benny Glusman, the midget defenceman, formed a defence

which was never weakened when Huck Driver, sub-defenceman, was used. This trio were brilliant in attack and dealt out beautiful checks.

On the attack with Bill Hanna at centre, flanked by Doug. Fernie and Jack "Snitz" Carmichael, gave the opposing players plenty of uneasy moments by working both ways, back checking ruthlessly. The battle never ceased when Johnny Jackson, the brilliant, auburn-haired pivot man, with his wing men, Norm Tulley and Bobby always being a source of worry to Rutherford, stepped on the ice, Johnny always being a source of worry to opposing players. Jimmy Passey and Herby Howe, substitute forwards, both worked hard when used.

Manager Smith was ably assisted by Messrs. A. J. Arnason and P. C. Dobson.

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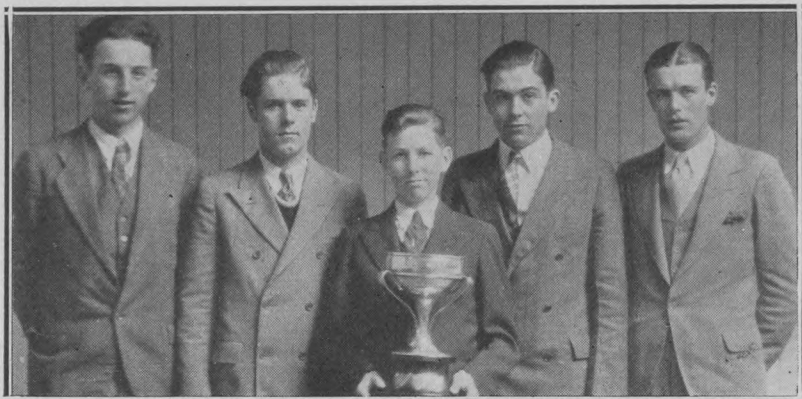
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DANIEL MCINTYRE CURLING ASSOCIATION

Late last fall, after inspirations on the part of the older curlers, eager to get curling, an open meeting was held in Room 25, Mr. McCabe presiding. At this meeting officers were elected: Allan Lytle as president, Henry Bradshaw as secretary-treasurer, and Hugh Allan as vice-president. It was decided that Tuesday afternoon be set aside for this noble sport and right after Christmas the schedule got away with a bang. The dues were duly collected from the forty-eight members of the club. Then one day we all came to a realization that there was no longer any ice and so we set about

totaling the points. It was found that the rink skipped by our worthy president was on top. The following is the personnel of the winning rink: the lead place was ably held down by "Comical" Christie; second place by Jock McQueen; third place by "Silent" Owen, who showed his mettle as a curler; and lastly Allan Lytle as skip.

I am sorry here to relate that in the Inter-High School Bonspiel the Daniel McIntyre rinks were not successful.

We hope however that in future years the curling idea will not die down.

H. BRADSHAW,
Sec.-Treas.

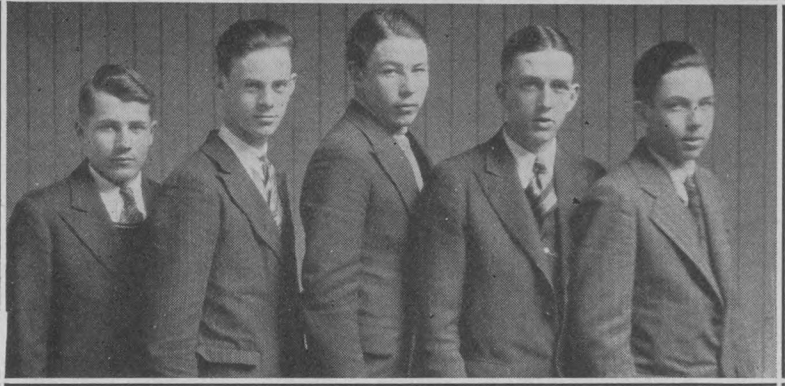
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SKATING TEAM

Herbie Howe, Art Bodle, Jack Vickers (Spare), Bill Ellis (Capt.), Harold Ellis.



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 Zig, Zag, Zoo,
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 Bushwa, Bushwa,
 Ju, ja jest,
 Queen of the prairies,
 Winnipeg's best,
 SHH—SHH——COLLEGIATE.

INTER-HIGH FIELD DAY

Heartiest congratulations to St. John's and Kelvin on the splendid performance of their teams. They fully deserved their hyphenated victory. It was a close and enthralling struggle to the last event.

It would have been a fitting climax to a very successful year in sports to have added to our earlier triumphs the Inter-High track and field championship. Such, however, was not to

be the case. Performing under ideal weather conditions, there is small wonder that many records, some of which were of very long standing, were shattered. Although not successful from a McIntyre point of view, the meet has been acclaimed the very best since the inauguration of the classic in 1916.

Our first points came when Bill Taylor finished first in the Junior 100 yds., equalling the record of 11 seconds. Running one of the prettiest races of



GLEE CLUB EXECUTIVE

Back Row—M. Davis, V. Leatherdale, J. McCracken, R. Heide, E. Fowler.
 Front Row—N. Hutton, J. Kenner, E. Chapman, B. Henry, N. Edwards.
 Missing—D. Yeddeau.

the day, Norm Anderson established a new record for the Junior half-mile. The Maroon-and-White hopes soared when Bert Galop led the pack into the stretch in the Senior half-mile. He crossed the tape with yards to spare, netting a welcome three points for the school. Later, in the Senior mile, he again outdistanced a field of classy runners to annex the Porte and Markle shield. What's in a name? Another record went by the board when Art Pfeffer won the Intermediate running broad jump with a wonderful leap of 19 ft. 11 in. Bill Taylor climaxed an outstanding performance by winning

the Junior 220. He clipped $\frac{1}{4}$ of a second from the former mark. One of the most thrilling races ended with Norm Anderson crossing the tape a dead tie with Joe Lavitt of St. John's in the Intermediate mile.

Bob Bradshaw, Jack Carmichael, Manley Bond, and others who gave of their best, are deserving of mention. Roy Heide, our track captain, merits special praise. He gave much of his time and attention to the coaching of the boys.

A little review of the situation may be in order. The weak places in the team seem to lie in the boys' shuttles,

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girls' sprints and jumps. These sprints were not productive of points with the exception of Genevieve Johns' splendid performance. The girls shone in the organized games, where they scored twenty points out of a possible twenty. In the shuttles, they scored sixteen out of twenty. In the distance events we appeared to be supreme, capturing the Senior mile, the Senior half and the Junior half, tying the Intermediate mile and placing second in the Intermediate half. Such, however, was not the case. Kelvin scored $1\frac{1}{2}$ points more than we did in this section, amassing a total of 14 points. The reason for this lies in the number of seconds and thirds secured by their runners. D.M.C.I. has always been noted for the outstanding performers in the distances, but we need a number of good strong runners capable of placing second or third and of backing up the stars. All of which goes to show that it is the team that wins meets, not the individual aces.

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Valedictory Address

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Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,
Fellow Students:

Each student in our position in life today may well be likened to the newly constructed airplane ready to take off on its maiden flight. The building of the plane has been an interesting undertaking, for it was constructed in the factory of youth. The materials for the building of the plane have been delivered to the factory by our parents, in the forms of healthy bodies and receptive minds. The rough assembling of the structure was done by the elementary schools and then passed on to the high school for the final and

essential adjustments. Also in that part of the workshop was the engine tuned up and as far as possible made to hit on all cylinders. Finally it stands ready upon the testing field of life, awaiting to get away to a good start. Therein we may compare ourselves with the airplane, for today we stand ready to make our way into the world, and we realize that even as the airplane must depend upon itself for its own success, so must we, if we are to gain our life's objective.

Let us pause a moment to consider just what is the object in preparing this so-called plane, or in other words,

what is the object of education? I am afraid we have allowed the real reason for our schooling to become overshadowed by other reasons more personally inclined. I understand that it is to prepare us to become energetic and responsible citizens that we come to school, and if that is not the reason in the minds of our school board, I firmly believe it should be.

Let me, as a boy member of the student body, say something which I am afraid we have hitherto neglected to say on many occasions. That is, I would like to pay tribute to the girls of our year for their sterling contribution to all of our school activities. For it was, we must admit, chiefly due to the splendid work of the girls that we won the musical festival, last year's field day and countless other events won by Daniel McIntyre. However, it is not on their achievements we compliment them, but for the fine

spirit in which they have participated in all activities. For it is not the result gained which counts, but the spirit in which it was done.

Now let us not forget the most important function of the school, the fundamental purpose of our educational system. It is to produce persons ready to become good citizens and ready to accept full responsibility of such a trust. For after all the prestige of our city and country depends directly on how well each citizen fulfills his duty. It is not the political leaders or the government who form the foundation of our social system, but it is the average citizen. For as Noyes says in his poem "The Empire Builders," it's not the king's nor wise men who constitute the Empire but the common people.

People today are crying for leaders, but they do not need more but fewer leaders. Let us look at India—one hundred and twenty million people are following Ghandi, but less than five per cent. know where they are following him. This is but one example of the effect of leadership. I repeat, what we need today is not leadership, but intelligent citizenship. Citizenship which implies the independent thinking of people, with ability to use their own judgment and, above all, to respect the rights of others. That is where the high school comes in, for the school plays the most important part in moulding the characters of the young people.

And now in closing let me on behalf of the entire student body thank Mr. Campbell and our teachers for all the things they have done for us and the contributions they have made to our lives. And I might say that I feel we might profitably pattern our lives after the examples they have set for us.

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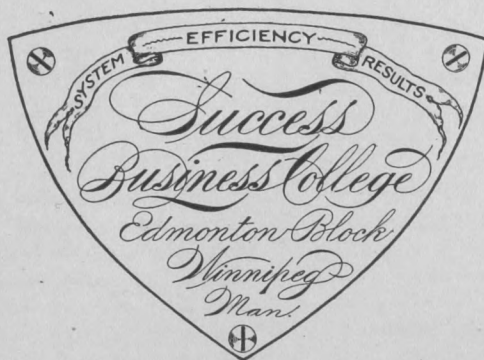
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